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LONDON NEWS

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1923.

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PROSPECTIVE LABOUR PREMIER, AND CHAMPION OF A CAPITAL LEVY: MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

It has been anticipated that, in the event of the present Government being defeated on the reopening of Parliament, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, as Leader of the Labour Party and of the Opposition, would be invited by the King to form a Ministry, and that he would accept the offer. Mr. Macdonald, who now sits for the Aberavon Division of Glamorganshire, represented Leicester from 1906 to 1918. In early life he was a pupil teacher and an invoice clerk. After

acting as secretary to an M.P., he took a leading part in forming the Independent Labour Party, of which he became Chairman. He edited the Socialist Library, and has written several political works, also a memoir of his wife (a daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S.) who died in 1911. On December 15 he arrived, amid scenes of great enthusiasm, at Lossiemouth, his birthplace, in the north of Scotland, to spend Christmas with his family.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE TAKEN IN MR. MACDONALD'S HOUSE AT HAMPESTEAD.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

CHRISTMAS coming almost on top of a General Election creates in the mind a confusion of incongruities. And this is not, as many would say, because there has been hatred and heathen rage in the conflict; but rather because there has not. If it had come close on one of the fiercer faction fights of our fathers, Christmas might seriously be called a truce of God, in the sense that God alone could impose a truce. Of the wearier factions and their more faded banners in the world to-day, it would be truer to say that it is the war that is the imposition of authority and the peace that is a return to nature. Their patience is natural and their anger is artificial. Moreover, there were incongruities of an individual and curious kind about the last Parliamentary conflict between Free Trade and Protection.

One was that the two political parties had in a sense exchanged banners; or, at any rate, exchanged battle-cries. It was the Tory who had to go about saying what the Radical is supposed to say: that the tragedy of labour and poverty has grown intolerable; that something must and shall be done for the men starving for want of work. And it was the Radical who had to go about saying what the Tory is supposed to say: that there is no country so good as England; that there is nothing the matter with jolly old England; that if grumblers complain of anything it is because they are pessimists and slanderers; that if foreigners do not imitate us it is because all foreigners are fools. It was the Conservative who was forced to be a demagogue. It was the Liberal who was forced to be a jingo. Of course, in the case of all sorts of sane and decent Liberals and Conservatives there was no particular strain of insincerity, or even of inconsistency. There is no reason why a reasonable Tory should not be as humanitarian as anybody else. There is no reason why a reasonable Radical should not be as patriotic as anybody else. But there were types on both sides to whom it must have been a question of hardening themselves with sheer hypocrisy. And as I find both types in both parties exceedingly unpleasant people, their embarrassment moves me to nothing but amusement. When a snob has always sworn himself purple, to the effect that the unemployed are all dirty agitators or snivelling humbugs, it gives me a malignant pleasure to see him stuck on a platform and told to say that his heart bleeds for the unemployed. And when a prig has always sneered at patriotism, and sniffed at the English as a stupid people incapable of German organisation or French artistic culture, it gives me an equally fiendish delight to see him stuck on another platform and told to say that England is the richest and happiest and freest and wisest of all the nations of the world. The sort of snob who sneers at poverty commonly calls himself a Conservative. The sort of prig who sneers at patriotism commonly calls himself a Liberal. The latter, indeed, may nowadays sometimes take the label of Labour and not that of Liberalism; but as Labour and Liberalism stand on the same platform in the matter of Free Trade, the paradox remains the same: and the internationalist has to contort his features to express enthusiasm for the very narrowest sort of nationalism. It is

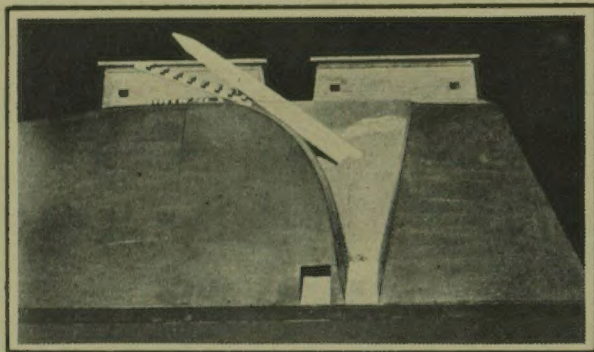
this, I repeat, that gives me a dark and diabolical gratification. I know Conservatives sitting in Constitutional Clubs for whom it must be a monstrous muscular effort merely to leave off saying that all workmen asking for work are idlers or cadgers or thieves, or, worst of all, Socialists. I know pale young men in Cambridge debating clubs who must almost choke when they have to say that England is quite comfortable because she is commercial, and practically because she is capitalist. Yet through the whole of the General Election these two types had to go on blowing these two trumpets, which were not even their own trumpets, but rather each other's.

It may be suggested by the more sensitive, perhaps, that a demoniac delight in all this tortured hypocrisy is not, after all, the most suitable sentiment for Christmas. But I have a notion, all nonsense apart, that they have not properly understood what the sentiment of Christmas means. The charity of Christmas can, in one sense, cover all men, but it cannot in any sense cover all principles, or it would

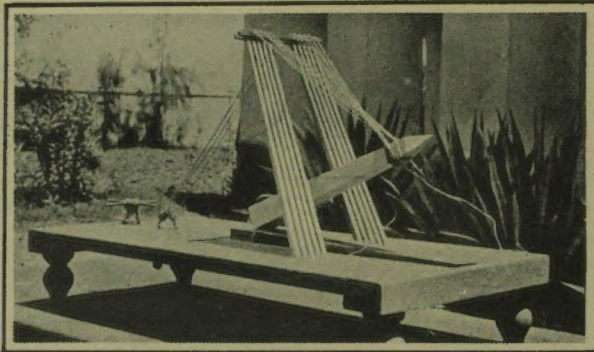
form of largesse. But in any form, or in any degree, they involve logically the two balancing truths, truths that are complementary though they often seem contradictory: that in one sense things shall be as they were, while in the other sense they are not as they should be. And the shortest way of describing it is to say that Father Christmas throws out with the same gigantic gesture the prig who can only sneer at the Christmas pudding and the snob who can only snarl at the Christmas waits.

But the essential point is this; that in Christmas these two things are one thing. In modern logomachy and logic-chopping it has been broken up into two. There is no real antithesis between them, any more than there is any real antithesis between patriotism and popular sympathy, or between democratic government and national defence, or between spiritual revelation and social reform, or between pride in the past and hope for the future. All these are artificial antitheses, invented for the purpose of manufacturing factions in the State. There are real antitheses,

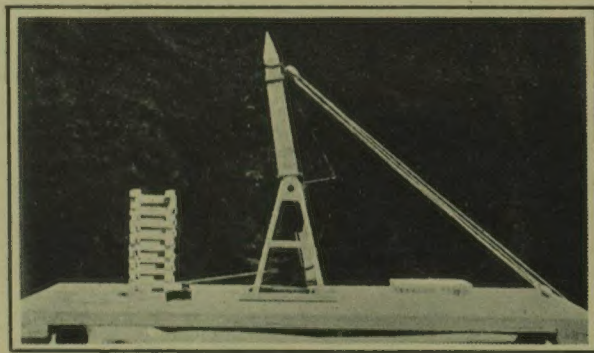
founded on fundamental philosophy; and on these it might be possible to erect real political parties. But what we have at present is a contradiction between things that are not contrary. It is as if a man had to choose between Tariff Reformers and Total Abstinents, or had only the alternative of being a Baptist or a Baconian, or were asked whether he would be a vegetarian or a violinist. We have all been brought up to one of these false alternatives between sympathy with the populace and sympathy with the traditions; though in truth none are more traditional than the populace. One of the really valuable reminders that come to us with Christmas Day is the reminder of many centuries in which these antitheses and alternatives would have seemed as unreal as they are. If you had told Charlemagne or Alfred the Great that you could not concern yourself with the preservation of old churches, because you thought that the serfs on a certain estate were oppressed or



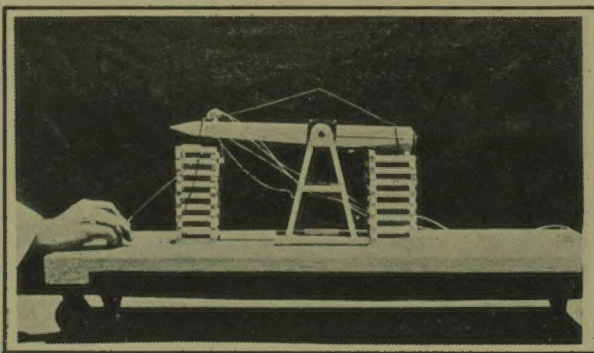
A METHOD PROBABLY USED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS: AN OBELISK LEAVING ITS SLED AND HALF-WAY DOWN THE SAND-FILLED "FUNNEL"-PIT AT THE END OF A SLOPING EMBANKMENT.



HOW AN OBELISK FROM LUXOR TEMPLE, NOW IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, IN PARIS, WAS LOWERED AND ERECTED: A MODEL SHOWING THE COMPOUND SHEERS, PULLEYS AND CAPSTANS METHOD.



THE LOWERING AND RAISING OF THE NEW YORK "CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE": THE OBELISK FITTED WITH TRUNNIONS ON STEEL TOWERS.



THE LOWERING OF THE NEW YORK OBELISK: THE OBELISK; THE TRUNNIONS ON STEEL TOWERS; AND THE CRIBS FOR SUPPORTING THE OBELISK.

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAISING OF THE GREAT EGYPTIAN OBELISKS: METHODS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Our readers will recall that in our issue of January 13 last we showed by means of photographs how the ancient Egyptians cut their obelisks from the rock, illustrating that obelisk at Aswan which is still in its position in the quarry; while in our issue of April 7 of this year we dealt with various theories as to how the ancient Egyptians raised their big obelisks. On another page in this number will be found a review of Mr. Engelbach's "The Problem of the Obelisks," which deals further with the subject.

Photographs Reproduced from "The Problem of the Obelisks," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin. (See page 1176.)

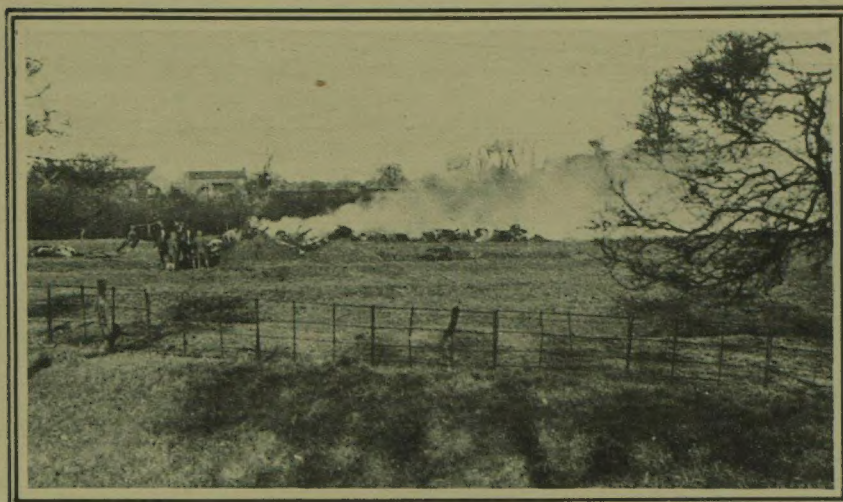
cover the principle of uncharitableness. And these two attitudes I have described, while they are in theory antagonistic to each other, are, in fact, equally antagonistic to a third thing, that may well be called the principle of Christmas. It is self-evident at first sight that Christmas is both conservative and liberal, so long as we have the sense to avoid capital letters for the two words. It would be nothing if it did not conserve the traditions of our fathers; it would be nothing if it did not give with liberality to our brethren. Keeping Christmas at all involves the admission that England has already valuable and honourable traditions of a local and domestic sort. Helping the poor at Christmas at all involves in itself the admission that England does not possess a satisfactory economic distribution, that all is not well, or anything like well, with England. In other words, Christmas, being a Christian institution, contains in itself already the two alternative actions towards society—the preservation of what is good in the past, the removal of what is bad in the present. In simpler times these things may have taken simpler forms—the first the form of wassail or the second the

ought to be manumitted, they would not have understood what you were talking about. If you had said to Edward the First or Louis the Ninth that a man could not like the new Communes and the old Christmas games at the same time, they would have thought your puzzle was a piece of nonsense. They would not have seen any inconsistency; because there is no inconsistency.

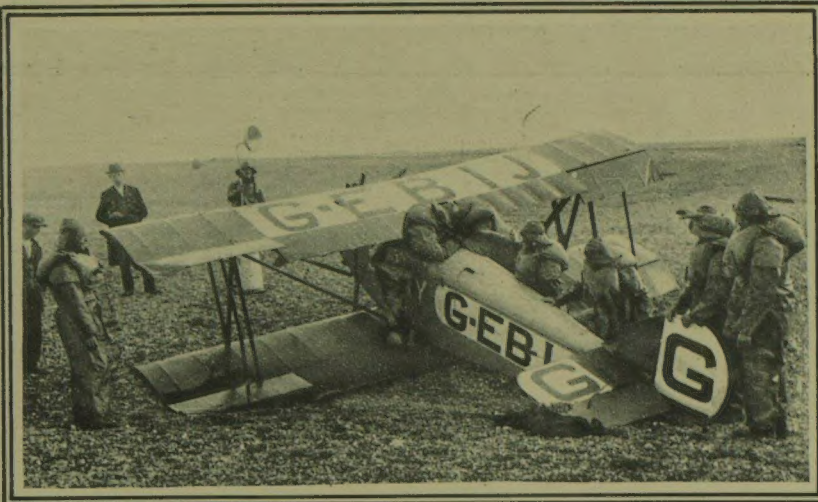
We hear a great deal of the Christmas vision of peace and reconciliation; and, like every other truth, it is not difficult to turn into cant. But here is a work of peace and unity that can really be done, and is not often attempted. We can clear out of our own minds the false antitheses and antagonisms which forbid us to take a truth where we can find it, because we have found a totally different truth somewhere else; which force us to spit out the truth with the falsehood of one party, and swallow the falsehood with the truth of another; which set our very thoughts to fight where they had no quarrel and to dispute where they do not disagree; which deny to us peace in the intellect and good-will among the ideals of the soul.

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



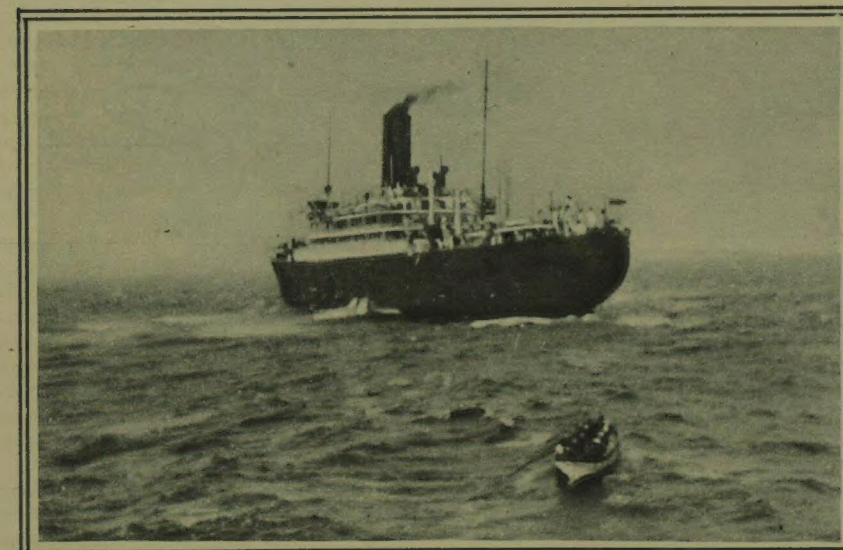
SOME OF THE 81,000 CATTLE SLAUGHTERED OWING TO FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE: A HOLOCAUST OF BURNING CARCASSES ON A FARM NEAR WHITCHURCH, CHESHIRE.



PRACTICALLY INTACT, BUT WITH NO SIGNS OF THE AIRMAN: MR. LAURENCE SPERRY'S AEROPLANE RECOVERED FROM THE SEA BY RYE LIFEBOAT MEN.

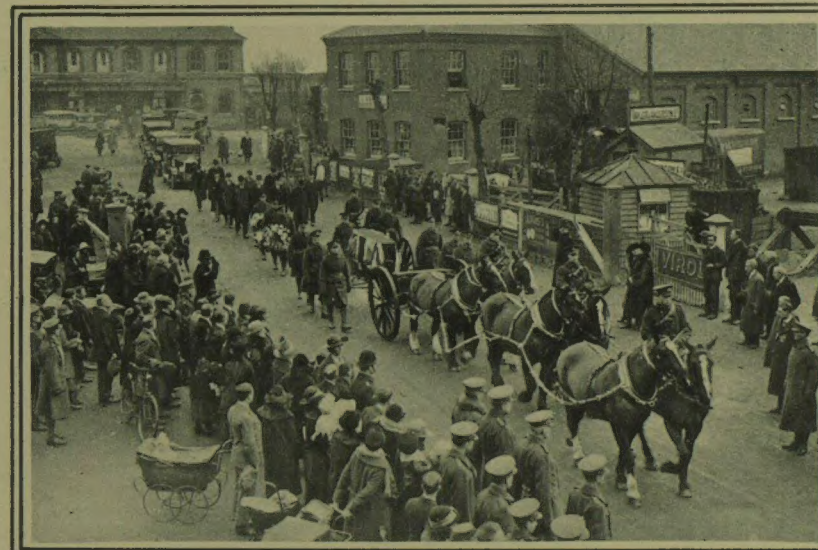


THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) LIGHTING LAMPS AT THE TOC H. ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN THE GUILDHALL: (LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED) SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, AND THE LORD MAYOR; (FURTHER TO RIGHT) LORD GREY OF FALLDON.



TRANSFERRING A WHITE STAR LINER'S DOCTOR TO ANOTHER SHIP IN MID-ATLANTIC TO ATTEND A CHILD: THE "BAL TIC'S" BOAT APPROACHING THE "MINNEWASKA."

Foot-and-mouth disease among British cattle has spread rapidly since the epidemic began on August 27, and 35 new outbreaks (mostly from Cheshire) were reported on December 16, bringing the total to 1245. Up to December 15 there had been slaughtered 40,174 cattle, 21,834 pigs, 19,469 sheep, and 33 goats—a total of 81,510, involving compensation due to owners amounting to £1,196,000. —Mr. Laurence Sperry, an American airman, son of the inventor of the Sperry gyroscope, fell into the sea about three miles off the coast near Rye, Sussex, on December 13, while flying from Croydon to Amsterdam. The lifeboat recovered the aeroplane practically intact, but, though a long search was



MILITARY HONOURS FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE MACROOM MURDERS, WHOSE BODIES WERE RECENTLY FOUND IN IRELAND: THE FUNERAL AT ALDERSHOT.

made, the airman could not be found.—The Prince of Wales attended the Toc H. celebration of its eighth anniversary in the Guildhall on December 15, and performed the ceremonial lighting of the Lamps of Maintenance of many new branches.—The White Star liner "Baltic" recently turned about in mid-ocean on receiving a wireless call for medical aid from the Atlantic Transport liner "Minnewaska." Dr. Robertson was transferred to the "Minnewaska" and operated on a little girl.—The bodies of three British officers, Lieutenants Hendy, Dove, and Henderson, and that of Private J. Brooks, murdered by Irish rebels near Macroom, Co. Cork, in April 1922 were recently discovered and brought to England.

LEAVES FROM A SPORTING ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK: LIONEL EDWARDS DRAWINGS.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY LIONEL EDWARDS, A.R.C.A.

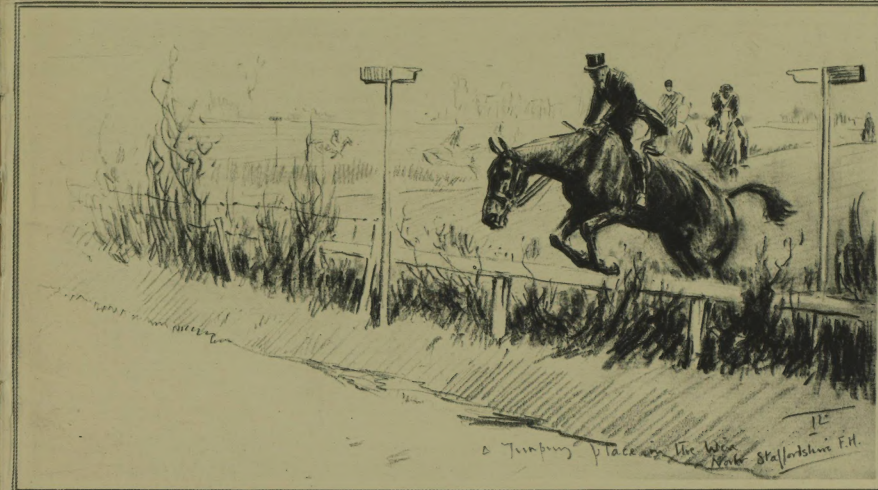


WITH THE LEDBURY: ACROSS THE GLOUCESTER ROAD.



THE LEDBURY—A FLYING-FENCE COUNTRY: GOING TO A HOLLOA!

Mr. Lionel Edwards's work is famous both for the charm of its portrayal of the picturesque side of fox-hunting and for the truth with which the sport is depicted, and is, therefore, immensely popular not only with hunting people but with those who have never known the joy of a burst across country with a good horse between their knees and hounds in full cry.—The Ledbury country lies in Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester, and is a flying-fence country, with large ditches where the vale borders the Severn, and a considerable area of woodland near Eastnor and the Dymock side. A great deal of it is grass, and a bold, well-bred horse that can gallop and jump is required.—The North Staffordshire country covers a very large area in Staffs, Cheshire,



THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE: A JUMPING-PLACE IN THE WIRE.



HAMPSHIRE HUNTING: AN INTERESTING INCIDENT WITH THE HURLEY.

and Salop. It is chiefly a bank and ditch country, consisting mostly of grass. There is wire, but a great deal is taken down during the season at the expense of the hunt, and what remains up is marked, as our artist shows in his drawing. A well-bred, compact horse is the most suitable.—The Hursley country lies partly in Hampshire and partly in Wilts, and during the past few seasons the Hursley have hunted an additional piece of country, west of the Salisbury and Romsey Railway, which has been lent by the New Forest Hunt Club. The southern portion is much wooded and seldom carries much scent.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

MELBOURNE RIOTS: "SPECIALS" AND

PHOTOGRAPHS



WHITE-ARMLETTED SPECIAL CONSTABLES, ORGANISED BY SIR JOHN MONASH, DISPERSING A MOB IN RUSSELL STREET: RIOTOUS SCENES IN MELBOURNE DURING THE POLICE STRIKE—A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH.

BLUEJACKETS TACKLE "TOUGHS."

BY TOPICAL



A BATON CHARGE BY A HANDFUL OF LOYAL POLICE AND "SPECIALS": THE DISTURBANCES IN MELBOURNE, DURING WHICH TWO MEN WERE KILLED AND OVER 100 INJURED, AND WOMEN JOINED IN LOOTING SHOPS.



"GOING INTO ACTION": BLUEJACKETS FROM WAR-SHIPS WHO VOLUNTARILY ASSISTED IN KEEPING ORDER—A SAILOR FROM H.M.A.S. "ADELAIDE" "SQUARING UP" TO ONE OF THE CROWD DURING THE RACE-DAY RIOTS IN MELBOURNE.



"IN ACTION": FISTICUFFS BETWEEN BLUEJACKETS AND RIOTERS IN MELBOURNE—SAILORS FROM THE "ADELAIDE" IN CONFLICT WITH A THREATENING MOB WHICH TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE POLICE STRIKE TO TERRORISE THE CITY.

The Melbourne police went on strike on November 1 owing to various grievances, especially the appointment of supervisors whom they regarded as spies and nicknamed "spooks." On Saturday, November 4, when great crowds were gathered after the races at Flemington, bands of hooligans and "toughs" took advantage of the absence of police to terrorise the central parts of the city. People were attacked with empty bottles, windows were smashed, jewellers' fancy and clothing shops were looted, both by men and women, and weapons were seized from a gun-shop that was broken into. Only a few of the regular police who had not joined the strike were on duty, with some plain-clothes men, but many policemen on strike, seeing the gravity of the

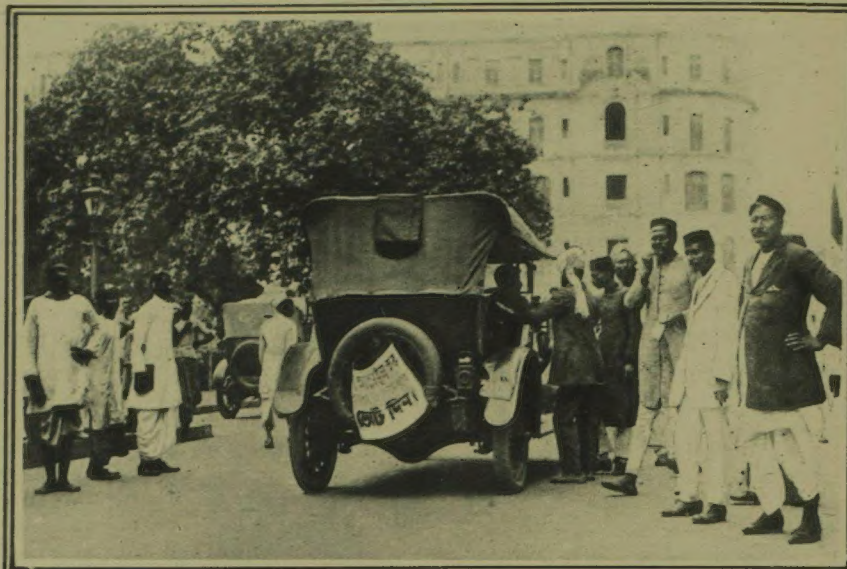
situation, came to the rescue, and bluejackets from war-ships gave voluntary help. During the riots two men were killed and over a hundred were taken to hospital injured. It was midnight before order was restored. A Citizens' Safety Committee was formed, with General Sir John Monash, of Anzac fame, as Chairman, and a force of 2000 special constables was enrolled, including former members of the Australian Light Horse. Shops were barricaded. Some of the Specials were attacked in an industrial suburb of North Melbourne, one being seriously injured. The measures taken had a salutary effect, and it was reported on November 7 that the city was completely quiet. The riots were evidently not an organised movement, but due to impromptu mob violence.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING OCCASIONS AND PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, HOPPÉ, ROUGH, BARRATT, AND MAULL AND FOX. NO. 7, BY C. H. DORR (ART PRESS SERVICE), BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



1. DECORATED ENTIRELY WITH CORN, GRAINS, AND GRASSES: THE CORN PALACE AT MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA, USED FOR THE ANNUAL MID-WEST AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.



2. WHERE NAMES OF CANDIDATES ARE PRINTED IN DIFFERENT COLOURS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MANY ILLITERATE VOTERS: MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN CALCUTTA—A PLACARDED CAR.



3. DISBANDED (AMONG OTHER REGIMENTS) UNDER THE SCHEME FOR REDUCING THE INDIAN ARMY: 54TH BOMBAY GRENADIERS (112TH INFANTRY) RAISED IN 1798—THE OFFICERS.



4. AN INDIAN HOME RULER INVITED TO FORM A GOVERNMENT IN BENGAL: MR. C. R. DAS, WITH HIS WIFE.



5. A FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST DEAD: THE LATE M. THÉOPHILE STEINLEN.



7. THE LATE LORD CARNARVON'S BEQUEST TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK: AN EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN LOTIFORM VASE.



8. THE NEW DIRECTOR OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION: MR. W. J. BERRY.



6. A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING PEER: THE LATE LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.



9. A FAMOUS AMERICAN DETECTIVE: THE LATE MR. W. A. PINKERTON.

The Corn Palace at Mitchell, South Dakota, built in 1892, is decorated every year with grain.—Illiterate voters in the Calcutta elections distinguished the candidates by the colour in which the names were printed.—The officers of 54th Bombay Grenadiers are (l. to r.)—Standing: Capt. W. Southern, Jem. Faiz Nohd, Subedar Abdul Ghani, Captain L. W. N. White, Jem. Teja Rawat, Sub. Hira Rawat, Jem. Sitaram Jagdele, and Captain E. de V. Moss. Sitting: Subedar Magar Ram, Major F. Miller, Sub. Bhura Singh, Lieut.-Colonel C. A. G. Shoubridge, D.S.O., Sub-Major Toda Singh, Major F. D. R. Seaton, Sub. Nanajirao Kadam, and Major A. Thompson. In front—Jem. Mansukh, Lieutenant R. H. D. Ross, and Jem.

Bapu Kadam.—Mr. C. R. Das, the Swarajist Leader, was recently invited by Lord Lytton, Governor of Bengal, to form a new Ministry.—M. Steinlen, the famous painter and illustrator, was born in Lausanne in 1859, and was naturalised in Paris in 1901.—Lord Willoughby de Broke had been Master of the Warwickshire Hunt since 1900, and was the author of two well-known sporting books.—Mr. W. J. Berry, who has been Director of Warship Construction for 11 years, succeeds Sir E. Tennyson d'Eyncourt as head of the Construction Branch at the Admiralty.—The late Mr. W. A. Pinkerton was a son of the founder of Pinkerton's Detective Agency, of which he himself had been the head for 39 years.

POLITICAL COCK-FIGHTS! REHEARSING FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



POLITICAL POULTRY FOR THE COCK-PIT AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE: A DRESS REHEARSAL IN A CHELSEA STUDIO. ●

The world that amuses itself always looks to the Chelsea Arts Club to provide something original and striking in the way of fancy-dress masquerade, and it is never disappointed. At the Club ball arranged for New Year's Eve—known to the Scots as Hogmanay—one of the outstanding features of the occasion will be a political cock-fight, in which Protection will be pitted against Free Trade, and

the other birds will include a Die-Hard, a Socialist, and a Bolshee. The costumes have been designed and made by a member of the Chelsea Arts Club, Mr. W. Luker junior. Our drawing represents a dress rehearsal of the "stunt" in a Chelsea studio, with Free Trade and Protection ready to join battle, and other combatants awaiting their turns.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.]

Between the Past and the Future—Europe and Asia.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

IT appears as if the World War had at the same time separated and drawn the continents closer together. It induced the most powerful of all the American States to fight in Europe, but it engendered an obscure misunderstanding between Europe and America, from which both continents suffer alike without being able to comprehend the reason. The perturbation provoked between Europe and Asia is even deeper and more contradictory.

When a great Empire emerges victorious from a great war it ought logically to inspire greater respect and awe in its own subjects. On the contrary, shortly after the Armistice Afghanistan revolted against the British Empire, and a war broke out in 1919, of which the result only was known to Europe—i.e., the treaty in which England renounced her Protectorate, recognised the complete independence of Afghanistan, and accorded her the right of transit, in an Indian port, without restriction or control. Afghanistan has made large use of this right during the last four years, in providing herself with arms.

During the war, India had remained fairly quiet, and had supported England in the struggle. The war was hardly over when a national agitation began, which has continued to increase, concessions and repressions proving alike powerless to calm or frighten its supporters.

Since the Armistice, China, despite the revolution by which she is torn, has demanded the possession of her whole territory and her sovereignty. She has even succeeded in obtaining the abolition of a certain number of rights and privileges which she had conceded to the great European Powers and to Japan.

In 1919 England had succeeded in imposing her Protectorate on Persia. The Treaty which ceded to English control the government, administration, and army of Persia provoked lively recriminations and strong jealousies in Europe. It appeared that no Power existed which was in a position to prevent its application, Persia being disarmed, and being unable to count on Russian support. Nevertheless, the Treaty remained a dead letter, and was soon afterwards abandoned.

Egypt belongs politically more to Asia than to Africa. What occurred in Egypt is well known. So long as the war lasted, Egypt endured patiently the Protectorate proclaimed by England towards the end of 1914. Once the war was over, Egypt demanded independence with such energy that England was forced to yield to her on many points of vital importance.

Mesopotamia is also far from quiet. Almost everywhere the population is in revolt against the mandates imposed by the Treaty of Peace. The Arabian Protectorate, which England created to make for herself an instrument to wield against Turkey, is not to be depended upon. The hatred of the population for European dominion is too strong.

The greatest surprise of all came from Turkey. At the end of 1918 Turkey appeared to be annihilated. The Treaty of Sévres constituted not only the act of decease of the Ottoman Empire, but of the whole of Islam as a political and military power. By this Treaty the Khalif, General-in-Chief of all the Mussulmans in the world, the *Defensor Fidei* of Islamism, the armed protector of the Koran, gave up to the Christian Powers allied against Germany the richest provinces of the Empire—Constantinople and his sword.

The illusion was brief. What happened in Turkey is too well known to make it necessary to repeat it here. Turkey has since then re-conquered Smyrna, Constantinople, and its independence. The Khalifate has returned to life and become more fanatical, and more inimical to Europe and Christianity, than it was before.

In fact, everywhere Asia has revolted against Europe at the very moment when she seemed to be becoming Europeanised. It is not only European arms, but European and American doctrines and ideas which Asia is levelling against us. The Egyptians proclaim the doctrines of President Wilson. It is a Parliament elected by universal suffrage which nominates the new Khalif, Sword of Islam, and Defender of the Faith against the Christians. In China it is a Parliamentary Republic modelled on the French Republic which invites the departure of the Europeans.

How can we explain this strange contradiction? After the victory, the Allied Governments, in complete accord with the public opinion of their several countries, made a curious mistake. In all great human events—alliances, wars, victories, defeats—there are advantages and dis-

advantages, gains and losses, assets and liabilities. The statesman must balance his accounts and subtract the liabilities from the assets. On the contrary, we all in making up our accounts after the war calculated the gains and the assets, without deducting the liabilities and losses, with which, however, our victory was heavily weighted. This was how we came to forget that the Russian Empire no longer existed.

In the West the victory of the Allies was complete, but not in the East. One Ally had collapsed, and with what

phenomena of contemporary history—that if to-day the credit and power of all the European nations, including England, are shaken throughout Asia, it is because the power of Russia has given way. In 1914 the unity of Europe was so complete that even the most acknowledged antagonisms only served to strengthen it! The Russian and English Powers appeared to be, and actually were, in fact, partially rivals in Asia; and yet they supported each other. English, French, German, Russian, and Italian influence rivalled and fought each other everywhere, and yet they supported each other reciprocally while they fought.

Why did France and England enjoy so much authority in Constantinople at the end of the nineteenth century? Because Turkey was afraid of Russia. Why was Germany's influence on the Bosphorus augmented at the end of the nineteenth century to the detriment of that of England and France? Because France had allied herself with Russia and England had occupied Egypt. What sentiment moved Japan to ally herself with England? Fear of Russia. Why did China show herself so accommodating towards the most distant Powers—England and France, for example? Because the Muscovite Empire was at her heels. So long as the Russian Giant was a menace in the North, in Asia—Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, China, and Japan, there was an Anglophile party. Of two evils they preferred the less. England's strength lay just in her relative weakness—in the fact that militarily and geographically she was less to be dreaded than Russia.

But when Russia fell, no one was any longer prepared to bear even what until then had been a moderate ill. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was relaxed. The Amir of Afghanistan demanded his complete independence. Aspirations towards complete independence were revived in India and China. England no longer found the slightest support in Persia for the application of the Treaty of 1919. The Angora Assembly was able to prepare a new army. The Treaty of Sévres remained a dead letter, because the Russian power was indispensable for its application. If the army of the Tsar had still been able to dominate Asia, the Angora Assembly would have had neither the time nor the means to do what it did.

The whole of Europe, even the rival powers in Russia, profited by the terror which the Muscovite power inspired in all Asia. The fall of the Russian Empire was like a first deliverance to all Asia. Is it to be wondered at that Asia saw prospects of complete liberation and that an irrepressible desire for independence has broken out among all the races there?

The aspiration towards independence is reinforced to-day in Asia by another sentiment which complicates the situation—hatred and contempt of European civilisation. By a singular contradiction, that hatred and contempt seem to increase in proportion to the knowledge gained by the Asiatic races of the working of certain Western machines and doctrines. Europeans in general are convinced that the Asiatic races—Japan always excepted—are barbarous or semi-barbarous. Many Asiatics, however, especially among those cultivated minds who are well acquainted with Europe, are entirely of the contrary opinion. They think that we are the barbarians. It is known that this is the opinion held by the celebrated Anglo-Indian writer, Tagore. And other writers less well known in Europe profess the same doctrine. Ku Hung Ming, for example, (an old official of the Chinese Monarchy, ruined by the revolution), who was educated in Europe, publishes articles in the Shanghai newspapers on the great questions of our epoch which are of a luminous depth. In one of these articles on the English translation of my book, "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," after a close and profound analysis of my ideas on the principle of authority as a base for moral government and on force as a material element, Ku Hung Ming reaches the following conclusion—

"It is therefore clear that the immediate duty of Europe, if she wishes to save civilisation, consists in discovering a principle of authority—that is to say, a moral basis of power. Where can the European races find such a principle? Only in China—in the Chinese civilisation and religion. Christianity is the religion of Europe which has laboured for the moral perfection of the individual. Chinese civilisation and religion, that taught by Confucius, not only makes excellent men, but also good citizens. . . . The keystone of that religion is the Grand Code of Honour, or the religion of fidelity, which Confucius left to his followers, and which is contained in four Chinese words, 'Ming Feu to yi,' which, literally translated, mean, 'The

[Continued on Page 1171.]



"EARLY MORNING SLUMBER": A CHARMING EXAMPLE FROM THE EXHIBITION OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND DRYPOINTS BY W. LEE-HANKEY, AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES.

Mr. W. Lee-Hankey's exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries (his sixth "one-man show" in London) represents an unfamiliar phase of his art; that is, spontaneous drawings from nature, either among the fisher-folk of Etaples or in the open air. He is a native of Chester, but has made his home in France since 1904. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and the Société Internationale des Aquarellistes. Many public galleries, both here and abroad, contain examples of his work.

a fall! If Italy, France, England, America, and their Allies have destroyed Austria and Germany, Austria and Germany ruined Russia before their own defeat. The ruin of the Russian Empire represented for the conquerors a considerable liability in the balance-sheet of the war. They

Assembly was able to prepare a new army. The Treaty of Sévres remained a dead letter, because the Russian power was indispensable for its application. If the army of the Tsar had still been able to dominate Asia, the Angora Assembly would have had neither the time nor the means to do what it did.



LIFE AMONG FRENCH FISHER-FOLK STUDIED BY A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH ARTIST: "THE NEW BORN," BY W. LEE-HANKEY, FROM HIS PRESENT EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

By Courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son, 12, King Street, St. James's.

IF LABOUR RULES: MATERIALS FOR THE SELECTION OF A CABINET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



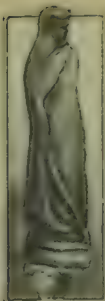
THE LABOUR PARTY EXECUTIVE AND TRADES UNION COUNCIL IN JOINT CONCLAVE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) FRONT ROW—MRS. CLEGG, MR. J. BROMLEY, MR. W. ADAMSON, M.P., DR. ETHEL BENTHAM, MR. W. H. HUTCHINSON, MR. W. THORNE, M.P., MR. A. B. SWALES, MR. A. A. PURCELL, M.P., MR. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P., MR. W. R. SMITH, M.P., MR. J. W. OGDEN, (DELEGATE UNNAMED), MR. EDWARD DUXBURY, MR. R. J. DAVIES, M.P., AGNES D. MAN, AND MRS. HARRISON BELL; SECOND ROW: MR. G. LANSBURY, M.P., MR. R. WILLIAMS, MR. W. G. HULL, DR. MARION PHILLIPS, MR. J. ROWAN, MR. J. S. MIDDLETON, RIGHT HON. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., P.C., RIGHT HON. ARTHUR HENDERSON, P.C., MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, M.P., MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD M.P., MR. FRED BRAMLEY, MR. GEORGE HICKS, M.P., MR. BEN TURNER, M.P., MR. W. LOWTHER, AND MR. A. HAYDAY, M.P.; THIRD ROW: MR. A. G. CAMERON, MR. J. BEARD, MR. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P., MR. J. S. LINDSAY, MR. BEN TILLET, M.P., MR. H. GOSLING, M.P., JULIA VARLEY, AND MR. J. HILL; BACK ROW: MR. W. KEAN, MR. POULTER, MR. T. I. MARDY JONES, M.P., MR. R. B. WALKER, MR. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., MR. J. B. WILLIAMS, AND MR. F. W. JOWETT, M.P.



THE LABOUR PARTY'S FIRST MEETING AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION: (STANDING, EXTREME LEFT): DR. MARION PHILLIPS AND MR. J. S. MIDDLETON; (SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. T. I. MARDY JONES, M.P., MR. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P., MRS. AGNES DOLLAN, MR. W. R. SMITH, M.P., MRS. HARRISON BELL, MR. EGERTON WAKE, RIGHT HON. ARTHUR HENDERSON, P.C., MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., MR. F. W. JOWETT, M.P., MR. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P., MR. W. GILLIES, MR. C. T. CRAMP, MR. A. G. CAMERON (STANDING), MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE, M.P., MR. EDWARD DUXBURY (STANDING), MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P., AND MR. W. H. HUTCHINSON; (IN FRONT) DR. ETHEL BENTHAM AND MR. R. J. DAVIES, M.P.

A joint meeting of the National Executive of the Labour Party and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, held at Dennison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, on December 13, passed a resolution of confidence in Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as leader of the Party, and another requesting an immediate announcement of the Government's plans for dealing with unemployment. In recent forecasts of a potential Labour Cabinet, the following likely appointments have been suggested: Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary; Mr. J. R. Clynes as Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Philip Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Sidney Webb as Home Secretary; Mr. J. H. Thomas as Secretary for War; Colonel J.

Wedgwood as First Lord of the Admiralty or Secretary for Air; Miss Margaret Bondfield as Minister of Health (in which capacity she would be the first woman to enter the Cabinet); Mr. Stephen Walsh as Minister for Labour; Mr. F. O. Roberts as Minister for Pensions; Mr. W. Adamson as Secretary for Scotland; Mr. C. G. Ammon as Postmaster-General; and Mr. Tom Shaw as President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was defeated at Newcastle, would hold high office if another seat could be found for him. Miss Susan Lawrence is designated for an Under-Secretaryship. Lord Haldane is suggested as a Labour Lord Chancellor, and Lord Acton as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.



DIGGING SACRED SOIL: RESEARCH IN PALESTINE.



By Professor John Garstang, D.Sc., B.Litt., F.S.A., of Liverpool University, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and Director of the Department of Antiquities for Palestine.

[Our readers will remember that we have already published several illustrated articles, by Professor Garstang, giving an authoritative account of historical research and the protection of ancient remains in the Holy Land, under the British régime. The articles appeared severally in our issues of December 2, 9, 23 and 30, 1922, and January 6 and 20, 1923. Professor Garstang now returns to the theme. We may draw attention to the special appeal made at the end of the following article for the endowment of an expedition to Jerash.]

IN a preceding article we had to lament the disappearance of most of the fine monuments and cities that sprang up in Palestine during the prosperous times that rewarded the Roman administration of the land in the first centuries of our era. Caesarea (the capital), Samaria, Ascalon, Jerusalem itself, bear on the surface relatively little witness to the character and development of that age. Excavation alone can produce living illustrations of the descriptions in the classical writings.

Happily, the hand of the Vandal has spared many beautiful monuments beyond the Jordan, in particular the remains of the group of cities that was leagued together for administrative and protective purposes by the name of the Decapolis. Jerash was one of these: its ancient name was Gerasa. Here temples and public buildings were placed on the west side of a stream and ravine opposite to where the modern village now stands, and where the houses of the ancient town may be presumed to have been concentrated. The classical city was laid out on a definite scheme, with its main street and cross streets, as our sketch-plan shows; indeed, it provides one of the early illustrations of a matured town plan, and as such is quoted by authorities.

More than a quarter of a mile from the main entrance to the city on the south, the ancient road passed through a triumphal archway of three spans (A in the plan and Fig. 2). The central span is the largest, and those on either side are clearly designed for foot passengers. The central span springs from pilasters crowned with Corinthian capitals, and between these pilasters in the smaller openings are engaged columns, the bases of which are decorated, very exceptionally, but with beautiful effect, with a leaf motif.

The modern road passes alongside, and the ruins of the columned city, which already from afar attracted attention, assume now an imposing and unique appearance. But before the city is reached—in fact, immediately on the left (B in the plan and Fig. 3), are the continuous traces of what is believed to have been a nautical tank for the representation of sea-battles, with a contiguous stadium or race-course (C and Fig. 3). Though these have been largely denuded of their masonry, their traces are quite clear, particularly the seats of the stadium, which, as usual, formed continuous tiers around the oval enclosure, with private "boxes" at intervals. The tank was 170 yards long, and the race-course nearly 100 yards, both being 60 yards in width.

Approaching now the city from this side, the former rampart walls have largely disappeared, though traces of the gateway may still be recognised. Conspicuous at this point, on the knoll to the left (D in the plan, and Figs. 1 and 4), is an exquisitely conceived temple, oriented towards the rising sun. The façade is relatively well preserved; the rear portion is a mass of ruins; the glorious columns which surrounded the building on all sides lie prone in every direction, some extended full length where they

fell, with the sculptured portions of the entablature, including frieze and cornice, almost in their relative positions. The detail of the order is Corinthian, with standard Attic bases, the columns about ten times the height of their diameter, the capital decorated with vigorous acanthus leaves, free from severe convention. The frieze shows traces of a design in which Cupids hold extended garlands entwined around them, the whole being in very free relief. The style of the building, in technical terms, was "peripteral hexastyle," i.e., with columns all round the four sides, and a portico of six columns in front. In the northern

face there is a side entrance with a series of niches above (Fig. 1). Inside, the main wall is preserved upon the left-hand side to the height of the architrave, showing a treatment in simple pilasters, giving to



ROMAN TOWN-PLANNING BEYOND JORDAN: A SKETCH-MAP OF JERASH (ANCIENT GERASA) ONE OF THE CITIES OF THE DECAPOLIS—SHOWING CLASSICAL SITES.

The sites indicated by the letters are: A. Triumphal arch; B. Nautical Tank, possibly for representing sea-fights. C. Stadium. D. Peripteral Temple. E. Theatre. F. Forum. G. Cross roads. H. Tetra-pylon at cross roads. J. Temple of the Sun. K. Basilica. L. Apsidal structure enclosing a fountain. M. Basilica or Senate House. N. Theatre.

its appearance dignity and height. This is, without doubt, one of the finest classical monuments to be found in Palestine, on either side of the Jordan.



FIG. 1. "ONE OF THE FINEST CLASSICAL MONUMENTS TO BE FOUND IN PALESTINE": A PERIPTERAL TEMPLE AT JERASH (GERASA)—THE INTERIOR, AND THE NORTH WALL (LEFT) WITH NICHES ABOVE A SIDE ENTRANCE.

Photograph by the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem.

Just beyond (at E) are the remains of a fine theatre which is in a good state of preservation, including some parts of the proscenium (Fig. 6). There are three tiers of about twelve seats, to which, as usual, access may be gained by vaulted passages under the mass. It is estimated to have been able to seat nearly 3000 people. In the proscenium there are still preserved some of a series of niches and of the columns which partly hid them. From the ruins behind this theatre a remarkable view is obtained of the city with its standing columns (Fig. 7): at the foot of the slope these form a vast oval, while on the

left there may be seen in our illustration a striking silhouette of the well-known sun temple. The oval enclosure (F in the plan and Fig. 7) is supposed to have been a sort of forum, or open market place. Some of its columns, which are of the Ionic order, have upon them projecting supports and socket-holes suggesting that temporary booths or shelters may have been attached to them; otherwise there is no indication of the original character of this enclosure.

Proceeding thence along the main street, at G there is a main cross-road which is embellished with architectural features, better seen, however, further on at the point H. Here the meeting-place, or tetra-pylon, was covered with a dome held up by four arches which spanned the roads, converging at that point: there are still preserved niches suitable for statues, and other details of considerable interest. Between G and H the columns on either hand become Corinthian (Fig. 5); and they were apparently continuous. Monotony is avoided by varying occasionally the height, which was greatest towards the middle. At the point L there is a superb apsidal structure enclosing a well or fountain (Fig. 9). The interior face of the apse was adorned with two rows of niches which are alternately flat and arched, and above them were small pediments borne on flanking columns. The carving which decorates these pediments is remarkably rich in detail. In front, the ordinary columns of the avenue are replaced by four giant columns, three of which are still standing. It will be seen that, as at Ascalon, Samaria, and elsewhere in Syria, the columns stand upon low pedestals. The photograph shows how the drum of one of these columns has been displaced laterally, a typical instance of the effect of earthquake.

A little further on, upon the left, is the grand gateway (or propylæon) leading up towards the Sun temple (Fig. 8). This, again, is a monument of imposing proportions, but unfortunately it is largely buried; many of the interesting fragments have become covered with earth and require excavation. Passing up to the left there may be seen hereabouts some long inscriptions, both altars and dedicatory tablets, ranging in date from Trajan to Hadrian. The Sun temple (J) now comes into full view. It stands in its own enclosure, or temenos, 175 yards by 115 yards, which consists, in fact, of a level platform enclosed by a colonnade and low wall. There were originally 260 columns, but most of these have fallen, and many have disappeared. The famous temple is a standard classical model. Notwithstanding, it is neither so large nor so impressive artistically as the southern temple we have described. The standing columns naturally attract attention. Of the six columns that faced the approach, five are still standing, as well as four of the second row (see photograph,

Fig. 10). Though larger, they are of much the same proportions as those we have described; and their capitals, free of the superincumbent masonry, stand out with very striking effect in the bright sunlight. An interesting detail of the portico is the increased width between the central columns which denote the entrance. The distance between the other columns is twice their maximum diameter; the interval is increased between the central pair by half a diameter. In the interior there is apparently no naos and pronaos, after the ordinary classical model, but at the far end the width narrows to about half that of the building; the recess is surmounted by a vault, a span of which may be seen in the photograph. A stairway led up by the side of this shrine, and another stairway led up to the top of the main front.

This catalogue of visible monuments alone can convey little impression of their supreme beauty from the point of view of classical art; and not only are the buildings in themselves triumphs of architecture, but they are strikingly placed, so that each one meets the eye as a distinct feature, while from the distance they compose themselves readily into a single harmonious picture. There is a great field here for an archaeological expedition which would excavate and restore this ancient city. No doubt some day this will be undertaken, but if these pictures meet the eye of a would-be patron of such an enterprise, we can only say, "Why not now?"

WITH ITS STADIUM AND SEA-FIGHT TANK: RUINS OF ROMAN GERASA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY AND THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR GARSTANG.



FIG. 2.—SPANNING THE APPROACH TO GERASA (MODERN JERASH), A CITY OF THE DECAPOLIS: A TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WITH THREE ENTRANCES, AND CORINTHIAN CAPITALS TO ITS PILASTERS.



FIG. 3.—ONCE A SCENE OF ROMAN ATHLETIC GAMES AND REPRESENTATIONS OF SEA-BATTLES: THE STADIUM AND NAUMACHIA (NAUTICAL TANK) BESIDE THE APPROACH ROAD TO GERASA.



FIG. 4.—“AN EXQUISITELY CONCEIVED TEMPLE, ORIENTED TOWARDS THE RISING SUN,” WITH THE GLORIOUS COLUMNS THAT SURROUNDED IT LYING PRONE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FIRST CENTURY PERIPTERAL ROMAN TEMPLE AT GERASA SHOWN IN FIG. 1.

As Professor Garstang explains in his article on page 1152, modern Jerash is the site of the ancient Gerasa, one of a group of ten cities known as the Decapolis, east of the Jordan, in Roman Palestine. The peripteral temple (so called because it was entirely surrounded with columns), shown in Figures 1 and 4, he describes as “one of the finest classical monuments to be found in Palestine, on either side of the Jordan.” The triumphal arch, with its large central span for vehicles, and side spans for pedestrians, stood more than a quarter of a mile from the main

gate of the city. Beside the approach road, and adjoining the stadium, or race-course, was a tank, 170 yards long, probably used for representations of sea-fights. Such spectacles are mentioned by Suetonius. The word *naumachia* (naval battle) was used either for the spectacle itself or for the place where it was exhibited. In these mock battles the combatants were usually captives or criminals sentenced to death. The shows took place on artificial lakes surrounded by stands for spectators, and sometimes in a circus or amphitheatre whose arena could be flooded.

TRANSJORDANIA UNDER THE ROMANS: A BEAUTIFUL CITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHEOLOGY



FIG. 5.—THE GRAND COLONNADE OF GERASA: PART OF THE MAIN AVENUE OF CORINTHIAN COLUMNS.



FIG. 6.—BELIEVED TO HAVE SEATED NEARLY 2000 SPECTATORS: ONE OF THE TWO ROMAN THEATRES AT GERASA—PART OF THE SOUTHERN THEATRE AND ITS PROSCENIUM.



FIG. 9.—"A SUPERB APSIDAL STRUCTURE ENCLOSING A WELL OR FOUNTAIN": A ROMAN BUILDING AT GERASA (MODERN JERASH), WITH RICHLY CARVED PEDIMENTS, AND FRONTED BY FOUR GIANT COLUMNS (THREE STILL STANDING).

The ancient glories of Jerash, in Transjordan, which in the days of the Roman Empire was known as Gerasa, one of the ten cities of the Decapolis, are fully described in a very interesting article on page 1152 by Professor Garstang, Director of the Department of Antiquities for Palestine. The figure numbers attached to the above illustrations correspond to references in his article. After describing the Temple of the Sun (Fig. 10 above), he goes on to say, in a passage omitted from the article for reasons of space: "To the south of this temple area are the traces (marked *M* on the plan on page 1152) of a large basilica, which is, unfortunately, much ruined and mostly overgrown; but it seems from the published accounts to have been very like the Senate house at Ascalon, and probably represented this indispensable feature of the independent Roman cities. To the north is a theatre (*N*) somewhat smaller than that

AND "A GREAT FIELD FOR AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION."

IN JERUSALEM, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR GARSTANG.



FIG. 7.—"SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN A SORT OF FORUM OR MARKET-PLACE": A COLUMNED OVAL ENCLOSURE AT GERASA—SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND).



FIG. 8.—"LEADING UP TO THE SUN TEMPLE": THE GRAND GATEWAY (PROPYLÆON)



FIG. 10.—WITH NINE OF ITS COLUMNS (THAT ORIGINALLY NUMBERED 20) STILL IN POSITION FACING THE APPROACH: THE GREAT SOLAR TEMPLE AT GERASA, "A STANDARD CLASSICAL MODEL"—THE PORTICO AND MAIN BUILDING.

which we have mentioned, and said to have been used for gladiatorial or animal contests. In this, again, there are special features. The wall around the pit is particularly high, and in place of the proscenium there is a stout colonnade, upon the architrave of which there still remains a long inscription. Upon the east side of the main road are several other buildings preserved, including two basilicas, one of which (*K*) from its central position, must have had considerable importance. The circuit of the wall around this, the west half of the city, is about 2000 yards. The ramparts follow, as usual, the higher ground, and the wall is strengthened at intervals by external towers; the angles are defended by large bastions." A photograph of the second theatre has had to be omitted from this number for reasons of space. That such a city could support two theatres indicates the popularity of drama and spectacle.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IN the now remote past of the second summer before "the eternal bung came loose," while on a railway journey in the country of Hosea Biglow—hence, perhaps, the quotation—I saw in the *American Magazine* a story that seemed somewhat out of the common. It was a good story of the yarn type, but something more than that. Although crude, and even noisy, it revealed a powerful personality. The author seemed to be able to do what she pleased with the American language, and was continually getting off startling effects of phrase. It was metaphor in the making—figures of speech fresh-minted and intensely vital that set one wondering how long a time must elapse before they should become mere dead and insignificant counters of language, as devoid of their original figurative meaning as, say, "discard" or "over-ride."

The story was one of a series, sufficiently interesting to tempt me to follow it up. The author took her readers into a curious world; and she introduced an unusual heroine. The world was that of American bagmen (in the vernacular "drummers"), and the leading lady was a bagwoman, who travelled in "Featherloom Petticoats" with great skill and daring, beating the men at their own game. Years afterwards the stories reached this country in book form, strangely disguised under the title "Roast Beef Medium." They were still readable, very, although the book would have borne a little editorial revision. The carefully repeated explanations of the characters, necessary to the welfare of each story in detached serial publication, had not been cut out, and the reiteration became teasing. But, for all that, the adventures of Mrs. Emma McChesney remained most attractive, and piqued one's curiosity as to the author's future development. Since that time, Edna Ferber has become better known in this country by her "Cheerful—By Request," and "Among Those Present" (collections of short stories), and "The Girls," a full-dress novel.

Disguise of title seems to be the fate of Miss Ferber's work. Readers of "Among Those Present" (reviewed here a few months ago) were a little puzzled to find that inside the book a different title appeared as heading of the first page and of the left-hand pages throughout. It was the title of the second-best story, a single word so bizarre and striking that one wondered why it had not been stamped on the cover. Its exchange for another seemed an unjust handicap. But the damage, if any, cannot have been great, for the book has justified a re-issue, to which the original title has now (very properly) been restored, and "Gigolo" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), formerly "Among Those Present," has taken a new lease of life. Once more I recommend these stories to my readers' attention.

Miss Edna Ferber has not yet secured a place among the first ten best-sellers in the American *Bookman's* monthly lists, but she counts among those younger Transatlantic writers who are creating a literature, very different from the New England school, but more truly a national product. Edna Ferber is of the Middle West, and she has all the "drive" and vigour of that stirring region, which gives to the Eastern States something that the English provinces and Scotland supply to London. There are inevitable crudities, but there is always life. It was a Middle Westerner, a distinguished woman writer, who gave me the best explanation and justification of those crudities. "We are young," she said, "we have growing pains"—a rather neat corollary to Horace Greely's "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." In Miss Ferber's work traces of growing pains are plainly visible, but no matter; the growth is there.

At first, her critics and well-wishers feared the consequences of her impetuosity. A writer in the American *Bookman* remarked that at one time she was in the gravest danger of letting her cleverness run away with her. She was too fervid a disciple of O. Henry, but she got over that. Her beginnings used to be so brilliant that the end of the story was imperilled. But she learned to write backwards, as Edgar Allan Poe wrote "The Raven," and she made it a test of a good story that she could put down the last sentence before she had written the first.

The same critic says that "if Emma McChesney leaped from the page and grasped your hand and lived at your house all the time you read of her, there are likewise dozens of Miss Ferber's characters since those happy days who will hold a place in your fiction friendships." Miss Ferber is a recruit from the great school of journalism, and something of the American reporter's ultra-photographic and glaring method may always remain with her. She cannot attain the restraint and subtlety of an Edith Wharton or a Mary Johnston—but these writers belong to the older tradition, that American Literature which is a derivative of the native English School. With these Miss Ferber will never ally herself; nor is it desirable that she should, for her work is the expression of an entirely new spirit—that of the modern cosmopolitan America, which has moved far away from the gentle philosophies of Concord and the wise whimsicalities of Holmes. It may be objected that in the newer writers the well of English undenied has become polluted. That, to some of us, will always be a matter for regret. But America of to-day is a great fact: Miss Ferber's people have no regard for refinements of language, and it is right that we should see them as they are. It would be impossible to draw their

portraits with a fastidious pen, as people of an older school count fastidiousness.

But with it all Miss Ferber has a literary conscience. She is now, fortunately, what her compatriots call a "high-priced writer," but she will not be tempted to over-production. Nor will she let any work leave her hand until she is satisfied that she has put her very best into it. An editor eager for her stories once sent her a signed blank contract. She confesses that the temptation to fill in her own price and return it was very strong, but her sense of the danger to her credit as a writer was greater, and she sent back the form uncompleted. Plain dealing of that sort is what one would expect from Miss Ferber, judging by some of her creations. It is the sort of thing that might have been done by Charley, the straightforward young woman of action in "The Girls," who, when her mother tried to entrap her into a mercenary marriage for her father's financial benefit, at once exposed the whole plot to that sorely-tried and all but ruined man, and was justified of her confidence in his right feeling.

Edna Ferber was born at Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was educated at the Public and High Schools of Appleton, Wisconsin. When she was seventeen she became a reporter on the Appleton *Daily Crescent*, and passed from that to the



A ROMNEY SOLD IN LONDON: THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. STRUTT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED WHEN THE ARTIST WAS STAYING WITH A FRIEND NAMED WILLIAM LONG. (30 BY 24½ INCHES.)

Pictures by Romney have of late years fetched enormous prices, such as the 52,000 guineas paid for "The Beckford Children" in 1919. The portrait of Mrs. Strutt, included in a sale at Christie's on December 14, is said to have been painted while Romney was staying with William Long at Preshaw. Mrs. Strutt was the mother of the Rev. Samuel Strutt, Rector of Tichborne, Hants, whose daughter, Barbara, married an ancestor of Mr. J. R. W. Godwin, the owner of the picture, who offered it for sale. It realised only £504.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

staff of the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Chicago Tribune*. She then began to write short stories for the magazines, and made her first real impression with "The Homely Heroine," in *Everybody's Magazine*. This story, considered the best thing since O. Henry's earlier work, put the editors upon her track. It brought her only 62.50 dol., but, says the anonymous writer already quoted, "she was tickled to death particularly with the extra fifty cents. She had broken in. The little Kalamazoo girl had arrived; what matter that the check was small; she'd show 'em."

The *American Magazine* stories followed, and then she attempted her first novel, "Dawn O'Hara." It was scarcely a success; Miss Ferber had not mastered the technique of the long story. Recognising this, she went back to short stories, and increased her popularity with the collections "Buttered Side Down," "Half Portions," "Roast Beef Medium," and "Personality Plus." At length she tried another novel, "Fanny Herself," which, unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain, and so, like Herodotus, "of this I cannot speak particularly, not having seen it-myself."

In the opinion of American critics, Miss Ferber's next experiment in the full-dress novel, "The Girls," marked a very great advance and raised the liveliest expectations of further fine development. The book has many points of excellence, but personally I am inclined to think that Miss Ferber's *métier* is the short story. In "The Girls," with all its cleverness and its acute delineation of character, I miss that strong current of interest which is essential to the novel. There is a lack of construction and occasional weary tracks. Only towards the end is there a sense of real movement. Too many pages are occupied with verbatim

reproductions of women's chatter over meals and at "Reading Circles," and the Chicago local colour, excellent to the informed, is often more digressive than inevitable.

But it is a story well worth reading, were it only for its ingenious harking back to the war of 1861, from which it leads on through the life of an aged spinster, Aunt Charlotte Thrift, to the great conflict of yesterday. The strange repetition of Aunt Charlotte's frustrated romance in the love-affair of her grand-niece Charley, may seem a little artificial and forced—rather too great a stretch of the long arm, especially as the younger soldier-lover bears the same name as Aunt Charlotte's. But somehow Miss Ferber led us to expect this, and the effect is not too glaringly unnatural. The main purpose of the book, however, is not to renew a tragic idyll, but to assert the rights of the omnipotent younger generation. And not the rights of the war and post-war brood only, for midway between the very old and the very young Charlotte stands another niece of the aged Miss Thrift's, Lottie, who at thirty-six is the love-hungry victim of her mother's tyranny. Lottie's method of asserting herself will not surprise any disciple of Freud.

While reading the book I could not escape a feeling of disappointment. Episode after episode is fine material for a separate short story which has been wastefully tortured into the structure of a novel. This impression was sharpened, perhaps, by the recurrence of old motifs, already handled with great power and finish in shorter tales. A case in point is the character of Ben Gartz, who is a fainter counterpart of Jo Hertz, the hero of "The Gay Old Dog" in the collection "Cheerful—By Request." But Ben has nothing approaching the complete and penetrating portraiture of Hertz, the old bachelor held down by his selfish sisters, cheated by them of his chance to marry, and then, when the war brought him unexpected prosperity, blazing out into a grotesque elderly man-about-town. This powerful episode reminds one of Balzac.

The world of which Miss Ferber writes is a world without culture. Charley's lover, it is true, is a student and a poet, but he remains little more than a shadow. American critics have regretted that he was not brought more prominently into the picture. Their familiarity with the life described may have helped them to detect possibilities not very apparent to the foreigner, but I do not think that Miss Ferber's talent will ever find good material in rather freakish genius of Jesse Dick's type. At the best he is somewhat of a manufactured article.

Miss Ferber's spiritual home is the hotel, sumptuous or mean, the shop, the city flat, and the small-town family. It is just a question whether she is not the real inventor of small-town fiction. In "The Tough Guy" (see "Cheerful—By Request") the loafers "on the corner" and "around the drug-store" are the same young gentlemen with whom Sinclair Lewis has made us familiar. In the American kitchen Miss Ferber is supreme—in fact, the smell of the cookery sometimes grows overpowering. Despite her gospel of rebellion she appreciates the ultra-domestic woman, who knows how to "feed the brute." She is most effective when she is least obviously militant. Militancy is the rather aggressive keynote of "The Girls," but there is a finer persuasiveness in the quiet picture of a patient domestic drudge which she has given us in "The Eldest." There, to her own and our great gain, Miss Ferber forgets to be doctrinaire and is content to remain simply the story-teller.

Miss Ferber glances sometimes at theatrical life, as in the title-story, "Cheerful—By Request," which tells how a little crippled wardrobe-keeper worshipped the cast-off velvet gown of a great actress whom she adored and envied. In the end she fought for it with the original owner, only to be defeated. This, I think, is the most human of all Miss Ferber's theatrical stories; the pathos is never overstrained. In the pathetic her touch is rather uncertain, and there are moments when she cannot be acquitted of having indulged rather wantonly in "sob-stuff." She comes perilously near this in the ending of "Gigolo," the story of a young American, broken in the war, who degenerated into a professional dancing-partner known as a "gigolo." His redemption has an obvious sentimentality to which Miss Ferber's talent need never condescend.

In M. Abel Chevalley's "LE ROMAN ANGLAIS DE NOTRE TEMPS," an excellent book which no student of fiction should miss (The Oxford Press, Humphrey Milford; 8s. 6d.), there is a passage which, although written of the English novel, may well apply to the works of the younger Americans. M. Chevalley holds that the British novel represents one of the most lively and living kinds of fiction in the literature of the whole world. He does not deny its chief failing—general lack of construction and concentration. He recognises its superabundance, its over-activity, its over-production, but this kind of weakness is only the defect of a quality. "It is the poverty of opulence, the price of freedom." Of the price that some novelists are paying for freedom Miss Ferber's works afford a striking example. It is too early as yet to decide whether her gallant bid for liberty imperils her chance of a permanent place in Literature. Meanwhile, her progress is well worth watching.

THE LAND OF FRONTIER CRIMES: A WAZIRI MEETING; CALCUTTA RITES.

THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



A GATHERING OF THE TRIBE TO WHICH THE MURDERERS OF MAJOR FINNIS BELONG: WAZIRIS IN CONCLAVE WITH BRITISH POLITICAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS (TO RIGHT IN CIRCLE) IN THE WANO DESERT.



"A PENANCE PERFORMED BY WOMEN FOUND TO BE UNFAITHFUL": A BENGAL WOMAN PROSTRATING HERSELF (AFTERWARDS RISING AND SALAAMING TO THE SUN) DURING A NATIVE CEREMONY AT CALCUTTA.

Waziristan, where the upper photograph on this page was taken, has a sinister reputation, for it was a gang of Waziris, we may recall, who recently murdered Major H. C. Finnis, a Political Officer, in the Zhob Agency, Baluchistan. Major Finnis was motoring to Manikhsa to attend a joint *jirga* (meeting), and certain dangerous points in the Hassuband Pass had been left unguarded. The car was fired on as it entered the pass, Major Finnis and the driver being shot through the head and killed instantly. Our photograph is typical of the frontier country and of a native *jirga*, or tribal gathering, attended by British officers.

The shooting of Major Finnis was the latest in a series of outrages on the North-west Frontier during 1923, including the murders of Captain E. P. Watts and his wife, at Parachinar, on November 8; of Mrs. Ellis at Kohat on April 14 (her daughter being abducted and afterwards rescued); and of Majors Orr and Anderson near Landi Kotal on April 9. With the lower photograph was a quotation from the "Statesman": "Worshippers during the Chhat Puja at Calcutta were seen measuring their length on the ground, then rising and salaaming to the sun. This is a penance performed by women found to be unfaithful."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NOW that the fierce fires of Election-time have burned themselves out, we are all free to concentrate our attention on the great festival of Christmas, which is tinting our mental atmosphere with rosy hues. And who can think of Christmas without thinking of holly and mistletoe and Christmas trees?

Against this background we see the children, with sparkling eyes, throbbing with excitement; so that, if only for their sakes, we must see that these appurtenances have their appointed place. And so, a few days ago, I sallied forth to gather the Christmas holly, for the day was fine, and, being condemned to live within the wilderness of a great city, it is not wise to put off this all-important excursion till the last moment. I found that it was just as I had read in my newspaper—there was a dearth of the glowing red berries which made such a feast for the eyes last year. A few sprays we found, with a sparse cluster or two, but no more.

Naturally, all sorts of "reasons" suggest themselves in our attempts to explain this failure; and none of them satisfies. According to some, this is due to the fact that last year there was an abundance of berries, so, "of course," this year there are but few. Our fruit trees, it is pointed out, commonly behave after this fashion, taking a rest after yielding an abundant crop. But this is an individual character. One tree in an orchard is weighed down with fruit, and its neighbour will have practically none. In the following year the rôle will be reversed. In some years, on the other hand, the lack of fruit is universal over large areas; a biting frost having killed either the blossom or the setting fruit, or laid the fertilizing bees and other insects under the spell of sleep during the critical days. Our lack of berries, then, this year, may be due to any one of these possible causes.

Our thrushes look to the holly to furnish them with part of their winter store of food. The fleshy pulp of the berry having been digested, the contained seed passes through their bodies unharmed; and so, unwittingly, they sow the seeds for new trees. But to which of the insect tribe are we to look to find the all-important agent for the transference of the pollen from the insignificant-looking male flower to the ripe pistil of the equally inconspicuous female flower?—for the sexes are represented by separate trees in the holly. I have asked more than one wise man, and he is unable to tell me. Perchance one of the readers of this page may be able to solve the riddle: The bees may have a hand in the matter; but are they the principal agents?

On many of the sprays of holly which I brought home the other day are numerous little clusters of dark-green buds, lodged in the axils of the leaves. These are the promise of berries yet to be; so that, unless evil befall them, there should be no lack of berries next Christmas. Some at least of these are doomed. They must furnish food to small caterpillars, which in course of time will become transformed into one of our most beautiful butterflies—the holly-blue, or, as it used to be called, the azure-blue. The wings, which from tip to tip, when expanded, measure but a fraction more than an inch, are of a beautiful lilac-tinted blue, edged with white. A very narrow black line is commonly developed along the inner border of the white fringe on the fore-wing. The female is to be distinguished by the broad, crescentic blackish band across the outer border of the fore-wing. The underside of the wing is of a bluish-white relieved by a few small black spots.

The eggs are laid on the under-side of the flower buds. Seen under the microscope, they are very beautiful objects, having the form of a much-depressed sphere, closely sculptured with vertical rows of pits. From these, in due course, emerge small caterpillars, whose bodies are marked by a series of ring-like constrictions, and coloured a bright yellowish-green, with paler lines. The whole skin has a velvety

appearance, with its surface covered with yellowish, warty granules, each bearing a minute, bristly, white hair. Sometimes a rose pink pervades the back. Yet, for all this, they are by no means easy to see when at rest. They feed on the flower-buds and on the green berries. Yet they do no great harm, for

they merely thin out the clusters of berries, as the gardener thins out the small grapes from a bunch, giving those that are left more food and space, thus increasing their size.

In a month, or a little more, they are full-fed, and pass into the chrysalis stage: a small, cylindrical body of a pale brownish-ochreous colour, with a thin blackish-brown line down the back of the brown freckled thorax and blotchy, arrow-headed dashes on the body. The wing-cases are pale-greyish, and smooth; while the rest of the body is studded with fine short brownish bristles. The females which emerge from these cases lay their eggs not upon holly, but the flower-buds of the ivy. In about a

week the eggs hatch, and the caterpillars, which match these buds very closely in the matter of colour, proceed to bite through the outer cover of the bud, and then to eat out its contents. Feeding takes place only at night. In something under six weeks the chrysalis stage is reached. Slung by slender threads to a leaf, it remains as a pupa throughout the winter; emerging as a butterfly to lay its eggs on the holly. Thus two broods are hatched during the year, and each on a different food-plant.

But the holly has to play host to yet another insect. This is the holly fly, a tiny creature no more than a tenth of an inch long. It is black in colour, with a white proboscis, and white "halteres," or balancers—all that remain of the hind pair of wings. In June it lays its eggs, choosing the under side of the mid-rib of a leaf lately come to its full size, but

minute maggots or "larvæ," yellowish-white in colour, and with black heads and tails, will be found. They are quite transparent, and show a long, narrow, green line running throughout the whole length of the body. This is the food-canal, filled with the green cells it has been feeding on. If one of these galleries be opened in April or May, instead of the maggot small, flattened, oval cases of a rusty colour and smooth shining surfaces will be found. These are pupæ which will emerge in June.

But how do they escape from the tough outer covering of the leaf, for the prisoner has now no biting mouth with which to gnaw an outlet? The means of escape—and this is really a very wonderful fact—is provided by the larva itself, just before it passes into the chrysalis stage, when it bites a hole through the roof of its blister-house, as if conscious that, unless this be done, it will find itself within a living grave till death by starvation releases it. Escape through this hole, however, is not all that has to be provided for. The pupal case is formed of the skin of the last larval stage. Beneath this, another investment, a delicate winding-sheet, is formed. Such pupæ, when



ONE OF THE CREATURES THAT DEPEND ON HOLLY FOR EXISTENCE: THE CATERPILLAR OF THE HOLLY-BLUE BUTTERFLY; AND ITS CHRYSALIS.

This caterpillar lives on the flower-buds and berries of the holly. The Holly-blue butterfly, which emerges from the chrysalis, lays its eggs alternately on ivy and holly, choosing the flower-buds of both.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



THE CAUSE OF "BLISTERS" ON HOLLY LEAVES: ANOTHER INSECT GUEST—THE TINY HOLLY FLY (MAGNIFIED).

The Holly-fly's larvæ live within the holly leaf, causing the formation of "blisters," or hollow chambers between the upper and under surfaces of the leaf.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

examined, look very like tiny brown shiny seeds tapering at both ends. Within this case, then, bound hand and foot, lies the fly that is presently to be. How can it escape? At the front of the head a bladder-like structure is formed, and this can be made turgid by forcing into it all the blood of the body. The strain on the end of the pupal case, as this force-pump gets to work, is so great that presently its top is forced off, through the hole bored while the little creature was yet in the larval stage. Once the head is out, constant wriggling at last frees the whole body. As soon as this and the gauzy wings have hardened, the new life of freedom is entered upon, and the process of egg-laying begins again.

The holly-blue butterfly, and the holly fly are, however, not the only insects associated with the holly tree; for the larva of the holly fly is preyed upon by two hymenopterous parasites. These, somehow, discover the whereabouts of the juicy larva lying, concealed from view, within the leaf-blister. With infinite skill they contrive to pierce it, and drive the ovipositor into the body of the helpless occupant. This done, an egg is thrust into the soft skin. Presently this egg hatches into a hungry grub which feeds upon the living tissues of its host, contriving to touch no vital part, so that the victim shall go on feeding for the benefit of this "old man of the sea." By the time the whole body has been sucked dry the larval life of the invading parasite has come to an end; so it proceeds to turn into a chrysalis, within the body of its victim. In the spring there emerges, through the hole in the leaf, an ichneumon fly, instead of the holly fly which, all unwittingly, fashioned this doorway to life for its deadly foe.

By its prickly leaves the holly tree has created a formidable defence against the attacks of large ground-dwelling enemies, such as cattle. The leaves on the higher branches have no spines; they are not needed. But "the small things of this world confound the great," for, as yet, no protection against the raids of the holly-blue butterfly and the holly fly has been devised. The sprigs of holly, then, which form our Christmas decorations, or the spray which adorns the plum-pudding, gain an added glamour when we think of the number of creatures which depend, more or less directly, on them for existence.



FOOD FOR CATERPILLARS THAT TURN INTO HOLLY-BLUE BUTTERFLIES: YOUNG FLOWER-BUDS IN THE AXILS OF THE LEAVES (SOME OF WHICH HAVE FALLEN OFF) ON A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

never on an old leaf. The larva, on hatching, bores its way through, and for some four months lives within the mid-rib, finding there an ample store of juices. When, during November, these stores are exhausted, it makes its way into the tissues of the leaf, devouring the soft green cells, driving long galleries as it feeds, and giving rise to blisters extending over a considerable area of the upper surface of the leaf. If such infested leaves be sought for, and the blister opened with a needle, one or two

AS WATCHED BY THE VICEROY OF INDIA: WILD ELEPHANT TRAPPING.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY W. H. JOHNSON.



PREPARING FOR THE FINAL DRIVE BY MEANS OF RING-FIRES, ROCKETS, TRUMPETS, TOM-TOMS, AND DECOYS: BEATERS IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE ENGAGED IN TRAPPING WILD ELEPHANTS—SHOWING SMOKE OF A FIRE IN THE BACKGROUND.



DRIVEN ACROSS A RIVER INTO A TRENCHED RING OF FOREST, ON THE WAY TO CAPTIVITY IN A BOTTLE-NECK STOCKADED ENCLOSURE: A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS CROSSING A JUNGLE STREAM IN CLOSE FORMATION.

These and other photographs in this number illustrate the method of trapping wild elephants in India, by a "drive" such as was arranged for the benefit of the Viceroy (Lord Reading) and Lady Reading, on December 1, in the province of Bangalore. The animals are gradually driven into a V-shaped approach narrowing by degrees until it ends in an enclosure, called a *kheddah*, surrounded with a powerful stockade, where they are finally penned, ready to be roped and

captured one by one. That part of the operations is illustrated on page 1162. In order to drive the elephants in the desired direction, the beaters use ring-fires and rockets, with various forms of noise, such as trumpets and tom-toms. The elephants appear to favour close formation in their movements. It will be recalled that the Prince of Wales watched an elephant drive, near Mysore, in January 1922, during his visit to India.

THE LARGEST LAND-MAMMAL SNARED BY HUMAN CRAFT: A PHALANX OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN A TRENCHED RING.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY W. H. JOHNSON.



DRIVEN BY MEANS OF FIRE AND DIN TOWARDS A "BOTTLE-NECK" STOCKADED ENCLOSURE, WHERE THEY ARE FINALLY PENNED AND CAPTURED: A HERD OF INDIAN WILD ELEPHANTS WITHIN A TRENCHED RING IN THE JUNGLE.

The trapping of wild elephants, as watched by the Prince of Wales in India some two years ago, and just recently by the Viceroy and Lady Reading, is an operation full of interest and excitement. By means of fire and noise, beaters in the jungle round up the herd and drive them first into a trenched ring, and then along a gradually converging tensed track into a *khaddak*, or stockaded enclosure, where they are roped and led away captive one by one, as illustrated on a succeeding page. When the herd has once been got into the V-shaped track, if the beaters act together vigorously, it is not difficult to force the elephants

to enter the stockade. Every expedient is adopted to frighten them and urge them forward—guns are fired, huge bonfires lighted, tom-toms beaten, and cholera-horns blown. The yelling of the beaters, and the trumpeting of the cows in the wild herd, in which the tame decoy elephants join, add to the din, which becomes louder than ever when the huge beasts find themselves trapped and unable to escape. Then follows the most thrilling stage of the proceedings, when trainers on tame elephants enter the stockade to noose and hobble their refractory prisoners with thick hawsers.

THRILLS OF A "KHEDDAH": "KOONKIES" AT WORK; AND A "ROGUE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JOHNSON.



TRAPPED AT LAST! A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS CLOSELY PACKED INSIDE A KHEDDAH, OR STOCKADED ENCLOSURE.



ENTER THE "KOONKIES": TRAINED ELEPHANTS COMING INTO THE KHEDDAH WITH THEIR RIDERS READY TO ROPE THE WILD CAPTIVES.



PREPARING TO ROPE THE PONDEROUS PRISONERS: ELEPHANT-TRAINERS ON TAME ANIMALS (IN THE BACKGROUND) INSIDE THE KHEDDAH.



SHOWING THE STRONG MANILA HAWSERS USED FOR THE PURPOSE: INDIANS ON TRAINED ELEPHANTS NOOSING AND HOBBLING A WILD ONE.



A "ROGUE" WHO FOUND IT "EXCELLENT TO HAVE A GIANT'S STRENGTH": A HUGE WILD ELEPHANT BREAKING DOWN A STOCKADE.



WATERING THE ROPED ELEPHANTS: A WILD ONE ATTACHED BY A HAWSER TO A DECOY MOUNTED BY AN INDIAN TRAINER.

The final and most thrilling stage of an elephant drive is illustrated in the above photographs, which are typical of the scene recently witnessed in Southern India by the Viceroy and Lady Reading. As we wrote when describing the last event of the kind, watched by the Prince of Wales: "*Kheddahs* are constructed in forests where timber is plentiful. A narrow entrance is left which can be closed either by a portcullis or an abattis, after the herd has been driven in." (The methods of driving the animals along it and into the *Kheddah* have been explained on preceding pages.) "Finding themselves entrapped, the wild elephants create a

noise beside which the previous one was as nothing. The captives try to pull down the sides of the stockade, but these are well guarded from outside, and the elephants are repulsed with sharp spears or blazing torches. The next day a party of 'koonkies' (decoy-elephants) and their attendants enter the stockade and surround a captive. The legs are tethered, ropes are thrown around the neck, and the captured animals are removed one by one between two powerful elephants. Towers are constructed in strong trees, from which those in authority can watch the capture."

Aben's Ass.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By ERNEST RAYMOND, Author of "Peggy Wideaway's Conversion,"
"Tell England," etc.

I.

IT was not so much that Vincent delighted in cruelty to helpless animals, as that the days before Christmas were rather tedious, and the big box in the nursery, never pushed right back into its recess, left a chasm so deep and long and narrow that it simply asked for Chloë, the kitten, to be incarcerated there. Vincent, to be sure, had some doubts as to the merits of the part he played in this frequent immuring of Chloë. And he decided that only when she had been palpably naughty would he place her behind the trunk. Then, of course, it would be punishment merely, not tyranny. So he watched Chloë at play in the nursery, and waited patiently till she began to scratch up the rug. Then he pounced upon her, and, with a single-eyed enthusiasm for justice, consigned her to the dark hiatus. Down there she resembled Joseph in his pit, or Daniel in the lions' den, or the Prisoner of Chillon, or a Christian martyr, or any other of the fascinating captives of romance.

But Chloë was not a victim so Christian as to refrain from protest, and her mews of expostulation reached Vincent's mother one day as she entered the nursery. Vincent's mother was a well-known author and a sapient and gifted woman, as all people who make stories are. Her tales were as eagerly sought by a large public as by Vincent at bedtime. Which is to say they clamoured for them. And when, on the sound of the kitten's plaint, she learned the nature of its distress, and, on questioning Vincent, heard his rather shamefaced excuses that "he had only put her in a dungeon for being naughty," the wise woman was satisfied that some of the mediæval romances with which she had stocked Vincent's imagination were partly responsible for his latest unfortunate pastime. Deciding, therefore, not to be unduly angry, she gave judgment as follows: for a disciplinary week Vincent, and Vincent alone (no matter how it interfered with his engagements), should carry to Chloë her saucer of milk at the regular hours.

"Thus, Master Vincent, shall you learn that it is the happiness of the big and strong to minister to the little and weak."

For a day or two Vincent discharged this task like a punctilio; for he was seeing himself in the desirable skin of a lion-feeder at the Zoo. But, as a game, it palled after that; and, as a punishment—well, he forgot that it could bear that colour. More than once he would altogether have omitted to carry the milk to Chloë, had he not been driven to it; and, on Christmas Eve, when everybody was excited about putting holly along the picture-frames and mistletoe under the gas, Chloë went hungry all day. Even Vincent's mother, who was as excited about the holly as anyone else, forgot all about her. Only as she was seeing Vincent into bed did she suddenly ask—

"That little sister of yours, Vincent—the one with the fur and the tail—have you fed it regularly?"

Vincent's eyes shifted about, and his cheeks reddened.

"Oh no! Blow! I forgot."

Not without pain and an expression of anger his mother heard him. She left the room with the rather alarming remark that she would at once attend to Chloë and return to attend to him afterwards. This couldn't mean—? Oh no—no. He was only in his nighty. It was Christmas Eve, too. No, not that. In considerable apprehension lay Vincent in his bed. Certainly mother meant to come back, for she had left on the gas. What a long time she was gone! Vincent was at once impatient for her return, and in fear of it. And when the door clicked and opened, his heart jumped, and he gave a quick glance

at his mother's hand to see if it carried any retributive implement. But no. She just turned down the gas a little lower and came and sat on Vincent's bed. She placed her hand on that little tumulus in the counterpane which represented the rounder parts of Vincent, and said—

"Now, if you like, I'll tell you a story."

"Oh, yes," said Vincent, and his eyes glistened in the turned-down gas.

II.

"There was once, but it was long, long ago," began Vincent's mother, "an old Jew of the name of Aben. He was a thin old man, and had such a stoop that his long outer robe hung down much further in front than it did behind. It brushed his sandled toes, but it uncurtained for the world his crinkled heels and lean ankles. The skin of his face was as lined and withered as one of the dried grapes that he often chewed. The sun and wind had printed much upon it, as they might upon an ancient wall. For Aben, Vincent, was what you would call a pedlar; he wandered from town to town and village to village in the hill-country of Judea, and sold the merchandise that was carried on his donkey's back. There had been a time when he sat himself behind his saddle-bags of wares on the crupper of his donkey. But he couldn't do it now, for the animal was getting nearly as old as his master, and limped in its off fore-leg. They were a weather-worn pair, Aben and his ass.

"Aben had no friends, for he lived in no settled home. On warm nights he slept on the banks of a dry wady, or on the hill-slope outside the village where he hoped to trade in the morning. And the pariah dogs would come and sniff at the old man and the donkey and the saddle-bags. On wintry nights he would pay a small sum to the keeper of the *khan*, so that he might rest under his roof. But, as the inn would supply no food for himself or his beast, he had to carry the victuals in a bag with the merchandise.

"There came a day when he heard that quite a multitude of people would come trekking down to a certain lit : village on the ridge of a hill. Northward they would come from Hebron and Beersheba, southward from above Samaria, and eastward from the maritime plains. There would be scope for large trading there, decided old Aben. And, although this particular village was rather far north of his usual trading beat, he determined to attempt the long trek. Great profit would reward him.

"So he filled the saddle-bags till they were heavier with merchandise than they had ever been, and fared forth on to the hills. But beneath the unaccustomed weight the ass limped worse than usual, and Aben, who was not an unkind old man, took out some of the goods and placed them in a bag on his shoulder.

"It was a long road for two such threadbare creatures as Aben and his ass; and Aben was very footsore and full of sleep when, just before the second nightfall, he overtopped a hill, and looked across the valley at the little town that was his goal. He threw himself down for a moment's rest. The ass did likewise, at some risk to the merchandise. There, straggling up the further slope and built along the ridge, was a



village whose house-walls seemed of an extraordinary whiteness. True that just then the afterglow was still in the sky, and the walls were flushed with a rosy glow. But, as the purpling shadows deepened into the last blue of night, those many walls seemed like white buildings under stars in some blue illustration to a fairy-tale.

"So tired was Aben that he thought how, if the town had not appeared before him as he reached the summit, he must have fallen asleep where he had thrown himself down. But this he didn't want to do, for it was already very cold. And the merchandise was valuable. He would be safer if he were among a crowd in the village caravanserai than if he were alone on the hillside. For robbers, as all men knew, lurked among the caves in the hills, and, after all, he was an old man, and the strength of his arm was gone from him.

"So Aben arose, encouraged the donkey to proceed, and struggled down the valley and up the slope to the village. Night had fallen early, for it was mid-winter, and the people were still pouring into the village both by the northern and the southern roads. It appeared as if they would continue to come for a long time. Some came with asses like Aben; some led camels, or sat swinging on their backs; a few were travelling in jolting ox-drawn carts; and the wealthier had mules or deep-throated Arab horses. Seeing them, Aben told himself that he would be fortunate if he could find house-room for himself and his beast. Tired as he was, he quickened his pace and the donkey's, and entered the *khan*. It was but a large courtyard under the stars, its four sides bounded by square rooms that opened to the yard like the frontless shops of a bazaar. Near the entrance he saw the innkeeper busy chaffering with some gesticulating new-comers. Aben approached, and, when his turn came, signalled a greeting to the landlord and asked—

"Hast thou but a small space where I can spread my bed, and a roof beneath which I can stall my beast?"

"The innkeeper looked at Aben and then at the bulging bags on the animal's back. He shrugged his shoulders.

"If it be that thou canst pay the price, I have both to offer thee. But, if not, thou seest well that there be many that will occupy thy room."

"And he named a large sum. At this Aben thought awhile. He had no desire to pay so highly for his lodging, so he sought resolution by reminding himself that he would trade to great profit in the morning, and the risks on the hills were great.

"Like the landlord, he raised his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"It is a large sum, and the Lord be with thee and thine if it be not an extortion. I am an old man, and very poor. Show me, I pray thee, where I lay my bed, and then lead me to the place of the beasts."

The landlord thereupon showed him one of the square recesses off the courtyard where he could sleep with a score of others, and then led the way out of the yard and down a narrow path between two walls of rock. The face of one wall was unbroken, but in the other were several natural hollows and two caves, one large enough to stable a great number of beasts, and the other much smaller, though roomy. Each had its floor covered with straw, and a long beam to which the animals could be tied, and a lantern hanging from the rocky roof. The larger was already full; one could see the crowded animals brushing their flanks together. The smaller was at present empty.

"There," said the landlord, "tether him there;

about him were sleeping heavily. He blinked his eyes. Perhaps it was because, though it was yet deep night, there seemed to be a strange light in the sky above the courtyard.

"It was very cold—the cold of the dead hours before dawn. He lay down again, and drew his garment over his head, and tried to recapture sleep. but it was just then, in his wakeful state, that he remembered how his beast had gone hungry since the morning. He saw a vision of the animal, moving uneasily in the stable, with its big, stupid eyes searching for food.

"Bah!" thought Aben, pulling the garment tighter. "It must be nigh morning, and the beast can bide till sunrise."

"And he tried to sleep. Very warm and comfortable was his bed and the night raw and piercing. But he couldn't sleep so long as he saw that picture of the restless animal, limping slightly in its off fore-leg, and smelling round for its evening food.

And suddenly he knew that he would risk his merchandise and go to his beast.

"Ho then," said he, stretching his limbs. "Wherefore not straightway?"

He found the small sack of food that he had brought for the ass, and, rising quietly, tried to pick his way among the sleepers. Thanks to that incomprehensible brilliance among the stars, he was able to do it. Soon he was in the courtyard, and thence he had no difficulty in finding the shallow ravine and the caves. To his astonishment, he saw issuing from the arched opening of his ass's stable an effulgence that seemed dazzling even in conflict with the light in the sky. It was as though the sun itself was couching in the cave till the day should call it forth.

Aben staggered in with the bag of food, his eyelids flickering. There, indeed, was his beast, as he had pictured him, staring down into the manger in the hope of his meal.

"And, as Aben looked, not without self-reproach,



"For some reason that he did not understand, Aben dropped upon his knees and bowed his head."

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

and God be with thee and him, for I have business elsewhere."

"So sleepy was Aben now that he could hardly keep his eyes open to tie the animal's headrope to the beam. He was anxious, also, lest his sleeping-place in the inn should be seized by some aggressive late arrival, younger and stronger than he. It would be best to return quickly, unroll his bed, and sleep. Drowsily he took up the bags of merchandise which he had removed from the ass, and, setting them on his bent shoulders, staggered back to the *khan*. The place allotted to him was still untaken, so he quickly laid his mat and, after placing his bags for a pillow, ate of the food that he had provided for himself, and instantly fell into a heavy sleep.

Often during his sleep he was half-awakened by the noise of new arrivals, hoofs stamping in the courtyard, and voices crying for lodging. And each time that he stirred he was dimly but uneasily aware of something that he had forgotten to do. But, before he could remember that this undischarged duty was the feeding of his ass, he would drop off to sleep again.

"Suddenly he awoke to a greater consciousness than before, and raised himself upon his arm. What had thus driven sleep from him? Everything now was as still as the tomb, and all the other travellers

Doubtless it had been seeking thus for many hours.

"I cannot go to him," protested Aben to himself. "If I sleep not on my merchandise, but leave it here, these my neighbours when I am gone will steal from it. It is but wisdom to stay."

"But this didn't ease him enough to admit sleep. The hungry animal, restless at his stall, continued to occupy old Aben's mind.

"Bah!" grumbled Aben again. "Wouldst thou have me carry this mule's-burden of merchandise as I go to the beast, so that I have it beneath my gaze? Wouldst thou have me, bent under the load, stumble on these sleepers that they awake in anger and set upon and rob me? All ways, it is impossible to leave my bed."

"And again he lured sleep, while his mind continued arguing—

"Would it not be madness to leave the stuff here unwatched while I take a few handfuls of coarse food to the ass? These sleeping strangers are from northern parts; and am not I of the south? Was it ever heard that a man of the south accompanied with them of the north without watching his bales? It is but wisdom."

"But Aben's mind would no more darken with sleep than that strange light would leave the night sky.

into the manger that he had left empty, he opened his eyes wide with bewilderment to see that it housed a baby. And the baby's hand was stroking the nose of the ass.

"For some reason that he did not understand, Aben dropped upon his knees and bowed his head. Then, as if it would be somehow pleasing to the baby, he began to feed the ass by holding beneath its warm, nuzzling nose great handfuls of food. And the baby smiled at Aben. It was only the second smile He had ever given in all His life. The first was given to His mamma when she had been good to Him."

III.

Vincent's mother stopped, and looked down whimsically at her son, who throughout the narrative had not so much as stirred a limb. He knew now that this was the story's end.

"Did you make it up?" he asked.

"Of course I did," replied his mother, with a merry smile.

"Then it isn't true, is it?" Vincent pointed out. His mother looked away at the turned-down gas. Then she rose to go.

"On the contrary, Vincent," answered she. "I think it's one of the truest stories in all the world."

[THE END.]

AKIN TO THE EGG-LAYING DINOSAURS: "DRAGONS OF THE PRIME."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.



1. A CANADIAN DESCENDANT OF THE EGG-LAYING DINOSAURS OF MONGOLIA, AND OF SIMILAR ASPECT: A SKELETON OF MONOCLONIUS NASICORNUS (17 FT. LONG AND 6 FT. HIGH) FOUND IN ALBERTA.



3. THE DUCK-BILLED OR HELMET DINOSAUR: A REMARKABLE SKULL WITH A FLAT, HORNY BEAK, AND A GREAT BONY CREST ON TOP.



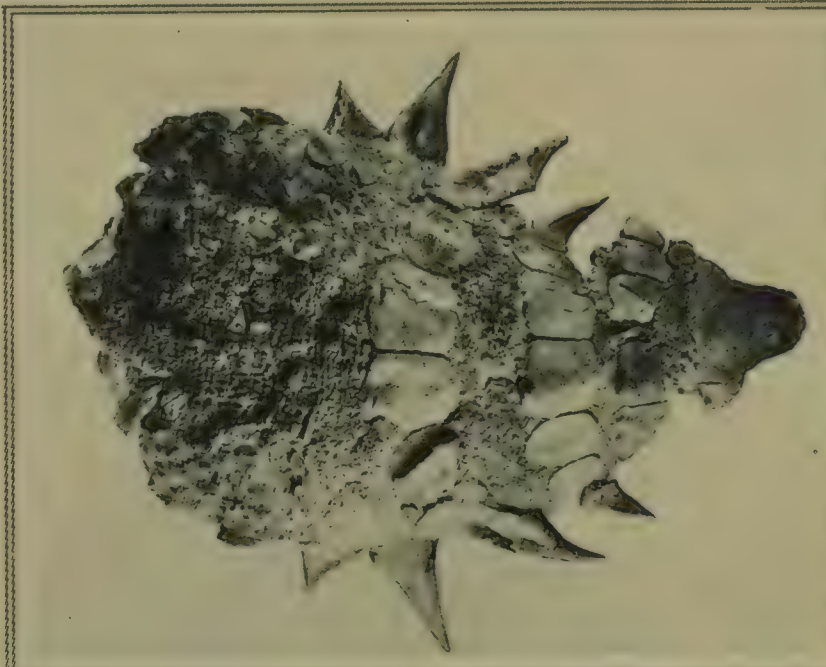
2. EXCAVATING THE HORNED MONOCLONIUS (SHOWN IN NO. 1): AMERICAN FOSSIL-DIGGERS AT WORK BY THE RED DEER RIVER, ALBERTA—SHOWING THE SKELETON READY FOR PLASTER JACKETS.



4. THE HORNED MONOCLONIUS DINOSAUR BROWSING ON FOLIAGE: A "RESTORATION" DRAWING OF REPTILE LIFE IN ALBERTA IN CRETACEOUS TIMES.



5. HEAVILY "ARMOURED" FOR PROTECTION AGAINST GIGANTIC CARNIVOROUS DINOSAURS: THE STRANGE REPTILE PALÆOSCINCUS—A "RESTORATION" DRAWING.



6. DISCOVERED ON THE BANKS OF THE RED DEER RIVER IN ALBERTA: A FOSSIL PALÆOSCINCUS ("RESTORED" IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION).

The single-horned dinosaur, *Monoclonius nasicornus*, of which we gave a restoration drawing in our last issue, showing it as it appeared in life, probably resembled closely the dinosaurs whose ten-million-year-old eggs were recently found in Mongolia. It is believed that some of their race migrated to North America by the land bridge then existing between the two continents. The complete skeleton of the *Monoclonius*, and remains of the other creatures above illustrated, were found in Upper Cretaceous deposits on the Red Deer River, Alberta, by an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The

Monoclonius is remarkable for the huge skull, with bony "frill," rhinoceros-like horn, staring eye and horned beak adapted for browsing on foliage. The Duck-billed or Helmet Dinosaur was vegetarian and amphibious, its ability to swim giving it protection from the huge carnivorous dinosaurs. It probably walked on its hind-legs, but could drop on all fours to feed. The *Palæoscincus*, an armoured and slow-moving reptile, with great spines on its back, is one of the strangest fossil creatures ever unearthed. The tail, protruding beyond the body armour, was cased in rings of bone.

FOR ANY PREMIER (LABOUR OR OTHERWISE) : CHEQUERS—CROMWELL RELICS.

REPRODUCED FROM "A CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF ART AT CHEQUERS," BY PERMISSION OF THE CONTROLLER OF HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.



"HENRY CROMWELL," THE PROTECTOR'S 4TH SON: BY R. WALKER (?), FROM OLIVER CROMWELL'S COLLECTION. (21 IN. BY 16½ IN.)



SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO OLIVER CROMWELL: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH EBONY CABINET, ON A CARVED GILT STAND OF LATER DATE.



"RICHARD CROMWELL" (PROTECTOR AFTER HIS FATHER): BY R. WALKER (?), FROM OLIVER CROMWELL'S COLLECTION.



IN PALE-BLUE ENAMEL: THE BACK OF THE ADJOINING MINIATURE (ACTUAL SIZE).

OLIVER CROMWELL: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MINIATURE AFTER SAMUEL COOPER. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



ELIZABETH CROMWELL, MOTHER OF THE PROTECTOR: A PORTRAIT BY J. HUYSMANS (1656-96) FROM OLIVER CROMWELL'S COLLECTION. (11 IN. BY 8½ IN.)



SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO CROMWELL: A GERMAN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CLOCK.



OLIVER CROMWELL, AGED TWO: A PORTRAIT (ENGLISH SCHOOL) FROM HIS COLLECTION. (15 IN. BY 12 IN.)



OLIVER CROMWELL: MINIATURE AFTER S. COOPER, IN A RING (ACTUAL SIZE).



OLIVER CROMWELL: A MINIATURE AFTER S. COOPER. (SIZE OF OVAL, 3 3/8 IN. HIGH BY 2 1/8 IN. WIDE—HERE REDUCED.)

There has just been issued under the authority of His Majesty's Stationery Office "A Catalogue of the Principal Works of Art at Chequers," with an Introduction by Viscount Lee of Fareham, who, with Lady Lee, presented that historic house to the nation as "the official country residence of the Prime Minister of the Day." Mr. Baldwin has sought "the spirit and anodyne" of Chequers at times during the strain of the recent political crisis. It is interesting to imagine the champion of Protection studying there the many relics of the Protector which the house contains. Full details of these, as well as of its other art treasures,

may be found in the "Catalogue," which is beautifully printed, and adorned with a large number of admirable photographs, comprising views of the interior and exterior of the house and its contents, and many portraits. The price of the volume is 12s. 6d. net (inclusive of postage). There is also an *édition-de-luxe* at 25s. (by post, 25s. 9d.). Copies may be obtained from the Stationery Office, or from the Victoria and Albert Museum. Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, Director of the Museum, and one of the Trustees of Chequers, contributes a preface, in which he explains the system of cataloguing, and mentions various collaborators.

ART TREASURES AT CHEQUERS: PORTRAITS; AN OLD ADMIRALTY CHEST.

REPRODUCED FROM "A CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF ART AT CHEQUERS," BY PERMISSION OF THE CONTROLLER OF HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.



LADY MARY GREY (SISTER OF LADY JANE GREY), IMPRISONED AT CHEQUERS IN 1565-7: A PORTRAIT BY HANS EWORTH, DATED 1571. (16½ IN. BY 12 IN.)



SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED AT THE ADMIRALTY BY JAMES II. WHEN DUKE OF YORK: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH LEATHER CHEST WITH BRASS DECORATIONS. (3½ FT. HIGH BY 4 FT. 2 IN. LONG.)



A REMBRANDT AMONG THE ART TREASURES AT CHEQUERS: "THE MATHEMATICIAN," WHICH HANGS IN THE GREAT HALL. (CANVAS, 48 IN. BY 48 IN.)



"THERE WAS NOTHING FEMININE ABOUT HER SAVE HER SEX": LADY CROKE (BRIGETTA HAWTREY, THE LAST OF THE HAWTREYS—D. 1639), BY MARK GHEERARTS. (73 IN. BY 43 IN.)

In the delightful "Catalogue of the Principal Works of Art at Chequers," of which particulars are given on the opposite page, we read: "Lady Mary Grey (sister of Lady Jane Grey) was imprisoned here for two years (from September 1565 to August 1567) by order of Queen Elizabeth. Lady Mary, in addition to being an heir to the throne and therefore a potential danger to Elizabeth's peace, had committed the grave imprudence of marrying Thomas Keyes, the Sergeant Porter of the Court, without the Queen's knowledge or consent. This gave Elizabeth sufficient excuse for putting her under lock and key, and William Hawtre, who had only

just completed the rebuilding of his country home at Chequers, was summoned to London to take charge of Lady Mary." The front of the old chest has two brass medallions (seen in the photograph) containing the badge of the Admiralty, an anchor with rope and cross-keys, and a brass lock-plate in the centre forming an escutcheon with the outline of two eagles. It rests on a mahogany stand. A Latin inscription on the tomb of Lady Croke in Ellesborough Church records that "There was nothing feminine about her save her sex." The Chequers "Catalogue" is a rich storehouse of historical interest.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

LETTERS ON "ACTING AND FEELING" FROM PROMINENT PLAYERS—(Continued.)

MR. Franklin Dyall writes:—

In response to your invitation to take part in your symposium, I feel I have written and spoken so much on this subject that I shall be repeating myself. However—

All artists of course should be able to feel: they should have temperament, quick, responsive, vibrating—a temperament to understand, to sympathise. But this should be used in an actor when rehearsing, when thinking, in finding the form—all art has form. When the final form is found, the last note of the "song" settled on, and the whole fixed, then it can be presented complete to an audience—sure of your form, your tone, the emotions you are expressing. There are those who trust to the

Mr. C. Courtice Pounds:—

I had written a long screed, but second thoughts, nearly always best, made me tear it up. So please pardon my delay in answering your kind and flattering enquiry. Flattering, because I don't reckon myself to be a prominent actor. No; just an "old pro" who goes on and does his best without theorising or analysing. Not that I don't take the greatest and most intense interest in everything belonging to the stage; in fact, I have quite a large number of books pertaining to it. I have a little first edition of Diderot's "L'Art du Comédien" which I have read and re-read many times. But I can't write and I can't speak to any purpose; so I just think and hold my tongue. And I feel I should do that now. However, here goes as far as my personal experience is concerned.

I have only played four parts that called for the display of emotion, and I have found that, while I don't actually "feel" in them or forget for a moment I am playing a part, yet I cannot, as some seem able to do, allow my thoughts to stray for an instant outside the scene I am engaged in when it is an important one. No "counting the house" or asking another to "look at that lovely girl in the Royal Box"! This concentration does not prevent my weighing myself up as I go along, and carefully watching that I don't over- or underdo it. This tautness of nerves does take it out of one a little at times.

All this is badly expressed and may seem foolish to you, but I have done it because I have such respect for you as a critic and regard for you as a man.

Miss Hilda Bayley:—

Very many thanks for your letter and article and for wishing to include my humble opinion. I believe always that the important thing in emotional acting is to have the intense capacity for any emotion or suffering. The emotions must be felt to be conveyed. But if they are not sufficiently under the control of the mind of the artist they will overflow and submerge the very means by which the feelings are expressed.

I fear these ideas are not expressed as you could express them!

Miss Mary Clare:—

What I have to say might be expressed in five words: I agree with Mr. Grein. But I think he expects me to illustrate that agreement from my, as yet, not very abundant experience. With me it is like this: normally there are two Mary Clares on the stage. One of her is just busy playing the part—I suppose the learned would call it my sub-conscious self. The other Mary Clare is calmly watching the actor Mary, like an engineer with a machine—directing, speeding, checking, and quite undisturbed by the emotion of the situation, quite separate from the actor.

When the dialogue is a trifle forced, a thought unnatural—when the situation is not inevitably true—then the gulf between the two halves of me is wide. The more natural the dialogue, the closer do they come together; and when the words I say are precisely what the character would say, then the two Mary Clares sometimes almost coincide. For moments at a time I may be said to live my part. And yet even then I think the cold, calculating Mary Clare is always ready to take command.

Moreover (and this I find strange), when the emotion of such a scene is rising to a climax, once again the two halves separate, and I can even say to myself: "You've a big moment coming. Mary Clare must look and feel so-and-so now, in order that she may do this and that naturally when the moment comes." And all the while the other, the acting Mary Clare, will be sincerely thrilled and quickening to a white heat of enthusiasm. It's queer; yes, it's queer; for I do, as it were, step away from and look at myself—from the back, both of us facing the audience, as though I were working a live marionette for their entertainment.

I do occasionally think of other things, things not connected with my part. That happens to every actor, and we all at times prompt each other. But only very seldom do I think of my home, my husband and children. I try not to do that; it would be dangerous: for the thought that one of the children had a cold, or would want some new clothes soon, would wipe out my part, so that I should "dry up."

You must be very sure of yourself and your technique to do what I know some actors do—talk in an undertone to each other about everyday happenings, and make plans for to-morrow morning's excursion (which in my case is usually a predetermined jaunt for the films).

Miss Margaret Bannerman:—

To portray adequately a character in a play, one must either have wonderful technique, which can only be gained by years of experience, or one must feel the part. By feeling the part I do not necessarily mean that one must run the whole gamut of emotions, but one has to imagine how one would behave under the circumstances the author has described. Therefore in playing a part like that I am playing in "Our Betters," which has so many varied emotions, I find it is absolutely necessary to concentrate on whatever scenes are coming before I go on the stage. In other words, I do not think I could convince the audience of my sincerity in the character I am playing unless I convinced myself first.

I am quite aware that some actors and actresses can go straight on the stage, breaking off a conversation about golf or dress, and start right away in some emotional or comedy scene; but, as I said before, I think this is the kind of acting which calls upon the technique of an artist and not upon the imagination.

As a last word, I do not mean to say that it is necessary to be a murderer to play the part of Lady Macbeth, but I do mean that, from my point of view, I should have

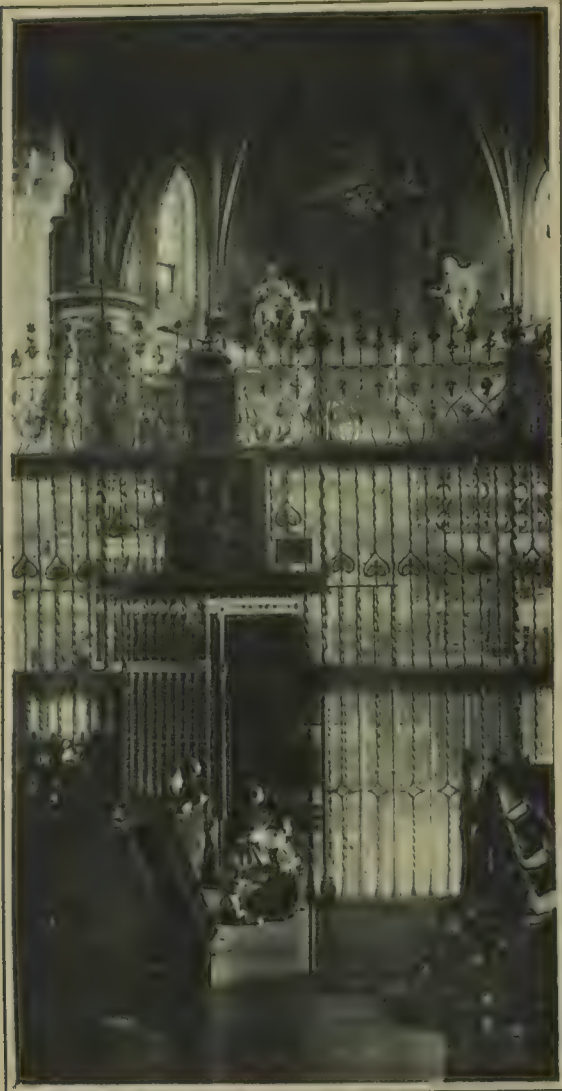
emotionally to visualise what the feelings and actions of Lady Macbeth would be were I ever a great enough artist to play the part.

Mr. Robert Loraine:—

I think you have covered the ground in your article on "Acting and Feeling," as far as it can be done so briefly. One does not want to stray into the very extensive field of conjecture which would be involved by a consideration of the double consciousness. It is clearly not necessary, as instanced in several stories in your article, that the actor should feel, intensely and exclusively, the emotion that he is portraying at the moment in order to affect his audience very strongly; but I think he should have his mind concentrated on an imaginative picture of that emotion, if he is to get the best results possible.

Many actors of extraordinary technical accomplishment are able to stereotype a performance so that it is almost impossible to detect any lack of immediate inspiration; but, as you say, the important thing is the projection of the emotion, and I believe that this is done most effectively and powerfully and accurately when the actor thinks it so strongly himself that he transfers his thought to the audience. In other words, the important thing is not what the actor feels, but what he makes his audience feel.

If like the young actor you tell of, who, in playing a scene by the bedside of his dying mother, was overcome by his emotion as a result of his own mother's recent death, it is pretty sure that he would not sway the emotions of an audience. At the same time, I would warn young actors against permitting themselves the license which Coquelin confessed to when he said that he often thought of other things. I am afraid this isn't very good, but I shall look for other, better-expressed opinions in the course of the symposium with great interest.



A SPANISH CATHEDRAL USED AS A FILM SETTING: A SCENE AT ZAMORA, FROM "VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES"—AT THE BACK (STANDING) Mlle. SUZANNE BIANCHETTI AS EUGÉNIE DE MONTIJO, AND Mlle. RAQUEL MELLER (KNEELING) AS THE FLOWER-GIRL.

feeling of the moment, the "all-right-on-the-night" people. I call them the "all-right-on-the-night" perhaps people: they are not, in my opinion, artists. They have personalities, which they exploit before the public; some nights good, some nights execrable. And the strain on the poor things! Fancy going through the real emotion one feels on the death of a dear friend or relative eight times a week! One would become an emotional wreck—as, indeed, there are some people who are carried back to their dressing-rooms nearly unconscious, and have to be massaged back to life. As Irving said, "Why do it if it is unwholesome?"

Surely art is artificial! That is to say, it is not real. What would we say of the painter who put a real diamond stud in the shirt-front in his celebrated picture "Portrait of a Gentleman"! Of a sculptor who put real feathered wings on his "Mercury"! (Though I have quarrelled with a dear friend, an eminent sculptor, for mixing up metal with marble.)

Again, I cannot imagine a painter rushing at his canvas, his eye with a fine frenzy rolling, and at the height of his conception, slap—dash—on goes the paint—left—right—up and down—across—and hey-presto, his *magnum opus*! Or of a sculptor in front of a block of marble—staring at it until his conception is complete, then leaping like a lion on his prey—mane flying, eyeballs staring, seeing his goddess within and determined to get her out. I cannot conceive of a delicate tip-tilted nose being formed under such conditions! And I feel sure the lobe of her shell-like ear would be chipped off in the wild frenzy of such creation.

And much more so with an actor or singer. Our body is our instrument; our voice our medium. And that voice must not be at the mercy of an emotion. If it is the right emotion, how can we be sure it will come? "I can call spirits from the vasty deep"; but will they come when you do call? No; you must feel to be able to act. To be able to act, you must not feel.



A FILM ROMANCE FOUNDED ON THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE: "VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES" (SOON TO BE PRODUCED IN LONDON)—THE COURT OF NAPOLEON III., WITH M. DAURELLY AS THE EMPEROR AND Mlle. BIANCHETTI AS THE EMPRESS.

"Violettes Impériales" is a new film romance of the Second Empire, by M. Henry Roussell, telling how Eugénie de Montijo (afterwards Empress of France) was prevented from marrying a Spaniard by a flower-girl at Seville with whom she made friends. Some of the scenes were taken actually in the cathedral at Zamora. Mr. C. B. Cochran has arranged to produce the film shortly in London, at the Pavilion or the New Oxford or the Palace, whichever theatre is first vacant. The title may be changed to "The Soul of a Violet."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION RE-CREATED ON THE SCREEN: "SCARAMOUCHE."

FROM THE METRO FILM, "SCARAMOUCHE."



"MEGÆRAS . . . WHO HAVE CHANGED THE DISTAFF FOR THE DAGGER":
WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION—WITH HEADS ON PIKES.



THE REVOLUTIONARY MOB IN THE THEATRE, INCITED BY SCARAMOUCHE:
RAPIER AGAINST STICK.



THE REIGN OF TERROR PICTURED ON THE FILM: DRUNKEN SANSULOTTES CALLING
FOR MORE BLOOD.



AUGUST 10, 1792—THE YOUNG NAPOLEON WATCHES THE MASSACRE
OF THE SWISS GUARD.



"A GIGANTIC MASS OF VALOUR, OSTENTATION, FURY, AFFECTION,
AND WILD REVOLUTIONARY FORCE AND MANHOOD": DANTON
(CENTRE) WATCHES SCARAMOUCHE (RIGHT) IN THE FENCING SCHOOL.

Attempts to picture the French Revolution on the screen have been made by several distinguished producers; but "Scaramouche," the latest Rex Ingram film, seen for the first time at the Tivoli last week, is perhaps the most successful re-creation of this amazing upheaval. The story is based on "Scaramouche," the well-known novel by Rafael Sabatini, and the love tale which runs through it has a happy ending. The general historical arrangement of the drama, and the manner in which the scenes of turmoil and horror associated with the Revolution have been illustrated, rouse more interest, however, than the actual adventures

of the principal characters, although the acting is excellent. Miss Alice Terry is the heroine, and Mr. Ramon Navarro and Mr. Lewis Stone are other important members of the cast. As our photographs show, the historical characters appearing in the story include Danton and the young Napoleon, and there are wonderful studies of the bloodthirsty mob of the Terror days. Carlyle's word-portraits, such as the "Megæras . . . with serpent hair all out of curl," at once spring to the mind as one watches the screen, and his description of Danton fits Mr. George Seigman's study of him admirably.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Queen never made so many and such important purchases of the work done by the disabled soldiers and sailors of the War Legion as she did at Londonderry House last week. Many and most beautiful articles were chosen by her Majesty and by Princess Mary. The Queen stayed a long time and was very complimentary about the improvement, always continuous, in what the men do under the able superintendence of Miss Shorter. The screen which the Queen bought, a four-leaved one in a soft pastel shade of pink velvet, the top of each panel worked for about a quarter of a yard in pale velvets and gold in a Louis XVI. Spanish design, is the first the men have done, and they were greatly gratified that the Queen had bought it. A new kind of chocolate was put up in square tins and round ones, which were neatly covered with velvet and worked in different designs, so that the contents were kept fresh, their nature not indicated, and the box a real ornament in any boudoir or drawing-room. The cases for cigarettes, cards, and letters, embroidered with regimental badges, found ready sale. A mother or two were ordering Eton or Harrow badges, so the thing grows, for no want expressed is left unfulfilled by these clever workers. The Marchioness of Londonderry was helped by the Marchioness of Titchfield, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Mond, and others, all of whom bought before they sold—Lady Wilton keenly regretting that her son was getting too big for a pram, she so admired the worked pram-covers.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll spoke most charmingly and sympathetically of the troubles of Southern Irish Loyalists when she opened the sale on behalf of their Relief Fund, for which the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness lent her house, 17, Grosvenor Place. Her Royal Highness, looking, I thought, pale and a little tired, was charmingly dressed in dark-blue velvet outlined in narrow dark-red-and-blue embroidery and wearing a dark-blue velvet hat trimmed with loops of ribbon the same colour. The Princess, who was attended by Colonel MacMahon, called the Irish loyalists "dear people," and said that they must always remember that "every true English heart held them as brothers and sisters, and felt with and for them." The Marquess of Ormonde and the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, each of whom said a few words, spoke openly of the treatment the British Government had given these innocent people. The Princess, with the true royal instinct, kept off politics. The sale was a success, and everyone will be glad that it was, because many of those in whose behalf it was held would have a wretched Christmas without what it can do for them. It had its pathetic side, for household treasures of people who had been comfortably, even well off, were sold to get them some comforts for Christmas. There were many beautiful things, and the prices were quite moderate. Not only did many Irish ladies sell, but many had worked hard to make things, and many gave of their own treasures to be sold, feeling that they might well have been in similar sad case with the sufferers, and were saved only by being in Ulster, or having left Ireland before the departure of English troops, leaving resident loyalists defenceless and undone. There was a large assemblage of Irish people, including the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, the Marchionesses of Sligo and of Ormonde, the Countess of Limerick, the Countess Annesley—the two last ladies organised concerts for both days, held in the big first-floor ball-room—and the Countess of Bandon, whose husband has never recovered from his being

kidnapped from his home in Ireland and severely treated when he was over seventy. There were many tales told of evil deeds, yet there seemed no bitterness against anyone, just a feeling of a kind of hard fate about it all.



A sunflower frock, expressed in soft velvet of rich orange tones. Designed and carried out by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

a ball. Many well-known people had dinners and took on large parties. The Victoria League is for furthering friendship with our across-seas kinsmen and women. As very many thousands of them will be here next year for the Empire Exhibition, the

Of dances there have been no end of late. Two which were outstanding were those for Toc H. and the Highways Clubs and for the Victoria League. The Duke and Duchess of York attended the former, and much enjoyed it. It took place in Grosvenor House, lent by the Duke of Westminster. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone acted as hostess; and Lady Cambridge, her daughter, was present and may be said to have made her debut. Captain the Hon. Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay were there; also Prince George, Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, and Prince and Princess George of Russia. It was quite a brilliant affair, and thoroughly well organised and managed. The Victoria League Ball was held in Major the Hon. John and Lady Violet Astor's house, dancing being in the big ball-room and the smaller one on the first floor, the mirror-room being used for buffets. The Countess of Cromer made a very pretty and charming part-hostess, being helped by the Dowager Countess of Jersey, President of the Victoria League. The Prince of Wales was present, and that at once settles the success of

League wants funds to carry on the hospitable duty of entertaining them.

Brighter London seemed a real necessity last week, for it was duldest of the dull outwardly. However, a kind friend took me to see the brightened "Brighter London" at the Hippodrome. It is a gem, full of fun—real fun—the lighting of the rarest fascination,



To Harrods must be placed the credit for these two captivating fancy dresses, a scarlet pillar box and a buttercup maiden in green and gold.

and dresses which were a joy to see. One was lovelier than another until adjectives failed and we gave up trying to praise them. It is a good thing to get a fog and gloom-bound constitution and mind into such an atmosphere of cheery wit and sound amusement. Later, at tea at Rumpelmeyer's, we found neighbours had been rubbing up at the Hippodrome too, and there were shouts of laughter over even the repetitions of the jokes and quips and cranks. I have never seen lovelier dresses for their purpose than those in this new edition.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles went to the Concert Lecture in the Savoy Ballroom got up by Mr. Leo Weinthal, editor of the *African World*, to help the men and their families out of work from the shutting-down of the diamond works at Brighton, after having been trained to the craft of cutting the gems. Their only chance of any cheer at Christmas is from this help. Of course, our King's daughter was out to do her best, and, looking charming in a fawn-coloured coat with fur collar and cuffs and a black turban-shaped hat, she listened with great interest to how the world's largest diamonds were discovered. There was good music, a good tea, and one hopes the men will profit.

The newly rich must number among them quite a lot of burglars, judging by the hauls they have successfully accomplished since the war and are accomplishing at an increasing rate as the winter progresses. It is very likely that we dine at the next table to some of them at restaurants; we may even play bridge with one or two. They certainly know where to go for what they want. Possibly some of them lent their Rolls-Royce cars at the election. "The Spider," as portrayed by the late Mr. Willard in "The Silver King," was a novelty as a society burglar who dined out to locate the plate. "Raffles," à la Sir Gerald du Maurier, was a more modern and subtle study. Now, however, plate is nothing accounted of by the modern light fingers: jewels, pictures, and antiques of immense value are what they seek to locate and remove. And as, of course, we know nothing of their failures, their successes seem little short of miraculous. A. E. L.



Large ruffles of jade add a piquant note to the black and silver costume of "The Jilted Pierrette." The entrancing little Columbine is in a jade bodice and filmy white ballet skirt edged with silver. Both arrayed by Harrods.



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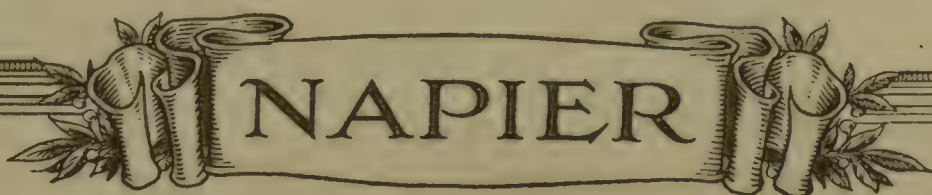
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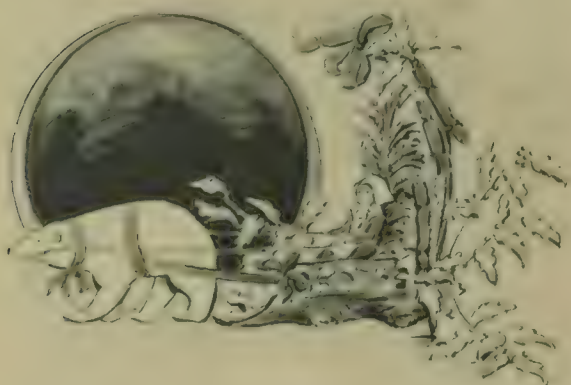
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Fashions and Fancies.

Merry Christmas Decorations.

Gay Christmas scenes, with a background of glittering snow and scarlet berries, promise to transform this year's well-laden tables for children's parties and other festivities into a veritable Yuletide fairy-



This tiny maiden seated in a sleigh laden with crackers, frosted holly, and mistletoe, and drawn by a Polar Bear, is destined for Christmas parties. Sketched at Goodyear's.

land, and every prospective hostess should visit Goodyear's fascinating shop at the Royal Arcade, Bond Street, W., and see for herself the host of attractive and inexpensive gifts. There are gay Polar bears, and reindeer drawing sleighs bedecked with frosted holly and crackers, and tiny "Wendy" houses and lanterns (lit by small electric batteries) watching over many a venerable Father Christmas and elfin attendants. These attractive scenes can be obtained from 7s. 6d. upwards; and pretty horses and carts, driven by Santa Claus, are only 3s. 6d. each. The finishing touch to the gay table decorations is supplied by skilfully placing here and there small scarlet pots (secured for the modest sum of 2s. each) from which grow diminutive Christmas trees covered with frosted holly and mistletoe. Naturally, Goodyear's floral decorations are very lovely, and novel Victorian posies of gaily-coloured arbutus, Chile and pepper fruits, etc., can be obtained for 3s. 6d. It is a fact well worth remembering that these and other fragrant Christmas greetings, which

can replace the usual card, will be sent by Goodyear anywhere in the British Isles.

Novel Ideas for Fancy Dresses.

Chaperoned by Christmas comes the delightful season of fancy-dress balls and parties, and sketched on page 1170 are some novel costumes designed and carried out by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. What small boy or girl, for instance, could fail to revel in the disguise of a scarlet pillar-box boasting a proper time-plate and receptacle for letters,



This pretty frosted scene is illuminated by a diminutive lamp-post, which is lit by a tiny electric battery. A quaint Yuletide decoration at Goodyear's.

or a white-and-gold clock complete with alarum and winding-up indicators at the back? Quite irresistible for a tiny maiden of three or four is the buttercup frock of green and gold, and that worn by her diminutive Columbine sister; while for elder children or grown-ups there is the sun-flower frock, in richly coloured velvet, completed by a striking head-dress; or the "Jilted Pierrette," with her black coat, green ruffles and silver trouserettes, the finishing touch being supplied by a banjo decorated with gay streamers.

These are happy ideas which express delightfully the enthralling atmosphere of the *bal masqué*.

All About Furs.

Christmas and the New Year sales hold out alluring possibilities in the direction of new furs, and the average woman, who revels in these all-important accessories, and yet goes to choose them knowing practically nothing of their relative merits, will find it an immense help and pleasure to read first the interesting book by Captain John Sachs, entitled "Furs and the Fur Trade," obtainable for 3s. at Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Parker Street, Kingsway, W.C. Tracing the gradual development of the barbaric rough skins into the beautiful wraps of to-day, the book also includes a short *résumé* of every type of fur-bearing animal, alphabetically arranged—with the aid of which it is a simple matter to ascertain the salient features which one should seek when purchasing—and ends with some very useful hints on the care of modern furs and the general outlook of fur fashions in the future.

Novelties of the Week.

A splendid present for the nursery is the "Fairy" gramophone—price 5s. at Gamage's, Holborn, E.C.—complete with two double-sided nursery-rhyme records; and for the elder children, reliable tri-cycles with solid rubber tyres can be obtained from 30s. upwards.



"Going to the Party" attended by Father Christmas and guided by merry elves. A table decoration, designed and carried out by Goodyear, Royal Arcade, Bond Street, W.

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English Visitors desiring further details or information will receive it free of charge by writing to Madame Hénou, Villa Le Palis, Rue des Roses, MONTE-CARLO.

BETWEEN THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

(Continued from Page 1150.)

great moral value of authority.' If the Grand Code of Honour is not re-established in China the secret will be lost which would perhaps render Chinese civilisation eternal; and universal civilisation would perish, for that code alone can save Europe from anarchy."

In another article which has recently appeared, and in which Ku Hung Ming defends France's action in the Ruhr, he has made in a somewhat bizarre form an analysis of the moral condition of Western civilisation, astonishingly profound in its simplicity. After having explained the reasons why the League of Nations only inspired him with mediocre confidence, the Chinese writer says that Europe is not in need of treaties to save her, but of moral forces. He asks himself—

"What are the moral forces which Europe and America should employ to solve the formidable problems which are set before her? To my mind, these forces are four in number—

"(1) The optimism of the Americans, which has its source in the childlike goodness and simplicity of their spirit.

"(2) The sentiment of duty which animates the Germanic races, which has its source in the strength of their nature.

"(3) The English 'standard of fairness,' or sense of justice, which has its source in the nobility of their character. Finally, the most important force of all—

"(4) The innate politeness (*politesse de cœur*) of the French, and I must add, of the Italians, which has its source in the delicacy of their sentiments.

"I say that that *politesse de cœur* of the Frenchman is the most important force of all, because when, two thousand years ago, China found herself in conditions analogous to those in which Europe find herself to-day, she was saved, not by the philosophy of Lao-Tse (which, like Christianity, saved humanity at the risk of destroying civilisation), she was saved by Li Yi—by the code of humanity and universal benevolence, which Confucius taught all his life.

"These four moral forces—not coal, iron, silver and gold—are the true foundations of Western civilisation."

That is what an eminent Chinaman, who has been educated in Europe, and knows its principal languages, its history and its philosophy, writes. Many Europeans will smile. They are wrong. The civilisations which in Asia have been carrying on for more than a century a despairing struggle with Europe belong, all of them, to the partial civilisations to which Europe also belonged a hundred and fifty years ago. They are the civilisations which have set before themselves as their objective an artistic, moral, religious, or political ideal, for which they are prepared to sacrifice everything else, even riches and power. A century ago Europe audaciously threw down the ideal of life (sacrificing every other good to riches and power), and was able to terrify and subjugate, sometimes

even to oppress, all the peoples of Asia. Now her strength is diminishing, and Asia wishes to turn against her adversary the very weapons of her victory—i.e., machines and ideas. Here, however, a question presents itself: "Will it not be necessary for Asiatic peoples (in order to render themselves masters of those instruments) to sell their souls in their turn, to the devil, by sacrificing the most precious part of their antique partial civilisation—the treasures of beauty, wisdom, and virtue which were bequeathed to them by their ancestors?"

That is the question by which the European conscience of the first half of the nineteenth century was torn, not clearly, but confusedly so; because the European peoples at the decisive moment of the struggle between the two principles of quantity and quality were not clearly conscious that they were sacrificing to riches and power the treasures of an age-long civilisation. They imagined they were about to attain a new perfection, even higher and more admirable than the old. The tribes of Asia would not be able to credit Western civilisation to-day with all the illusions which encouraged Europe and America to create that perfection. For they see plainly its splendours and its horrors, its virtues and its vices, its grandeurs and its faults.

Everywhere in Asia the ever-growing and more decided efforts which are being made to shake the domination and influence of Europe are, and will be, accompanied by internal workings which will perhaps have a far greater importance for the moral equilibrium of the world than for the political equilibrium of their reasserted independence from the European yoke.

Asia, where live the most ancient civilisations of the world, and where the struggle between quantitative and qualitative civilisation has been obscurely working during the whole past century, presents to the *élite* spirits of Europe the supreme and very definite task with which humanity finds itself at grips.

If this be so, what glorious pages of history are opening for Asia! It is there that the greatest, most complicated, and the most tragic of all problems in history will be solved!

Europe during the last centuries has, without knowing it, made a half-blind god of man, who possesses a formidable power, yet does not know for what end he is to use it; who at one moment creates, at another destroys, with the same enthusiasm and almost equal indifference. That blind demi-god who was yesterday the admiration of the world has begun to be its terror, since it has been seized with the madness of destruction. Where, then, is to be found the remedy which will restore to him his sight? Who will teach him to employ his strength with wisdom and reason, for legitimate ends recognised by moral consciousness? Shall we seek it among the most ancient people of Asia, who philosophised, sculpted, painted, sang, and lived under wise and just laws at a time when Europe was still quite barbarous?

If Asia should succeed in appropriating the weapons and science of Europe while preserving the most elevated

parts of her own ancient civilisations; if she should accomplish the task of combining perfection and power, quantity and quality, she would become again the model of the whole world. It would be well, when the Turks, Persians, Chinese, and Japanese come to study mechanism and chemistry with us, or to buy our guns and explosives, that we Europeans should endeavour to discover what the secret may be to which Ku Hung Ming makes allusion, and thanks to which the Chinese civilisation might last eternally.

The secret of eternal civilisation, if really the Chinese are in possession of it, would alone be worth all our inventions and patents.

The foregoing article continues the monthly series (begun in our issue of July 21) of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

To celebrate the completion of fifty years' service by Mr. C. E. Aysford, the chairman and managing director of the United Kingdom Tea Company, the directors and departmental managers of the company assembled at the Great Eastern Hotel on Dec. 10. The chair was occupied by Mr. James H. Morphew, supported by his co-directors, Mr. C. V. Henderson and Mr. W. Cristall. Dinner was followed by the presentation of a handsome timepiece, and a musical programme carried out by members of the staff. The chairman mentioned that twenty-one members of the company present had served an aggregate period of no less than 640 years with the firm, giving an average service of over thirty years for each, which worthily supported the splendid record of their guest.

For many years now readers of this journal have been familiar with the artistic advertising of "Red Tape" whisky, and we doubt not many are acquainted with the qualities of this excellent brand. "Red Tape" is a blend of whiskies which are the product of from twenty to thirty high-class distilleries in Scotland, these individual whiskies having been selected by the blenders after long experience in the trade and from a carefully determined knowledge of what is most suited to the fastidious whisky-drinker. The points observed by the devotee to "Red Tape" are that the whisky is pleasing to the taste, that no harshness is experienced immediately after the tasting, and that the spirit thereafter agrees with him. Blends composed of whiskies that are not sufficiently matured may be quite pleasing to the palate, but they create an unpleasant after-effect upon the human system—which cannot be deceived. Christmas time is particularly appropriate for case purchase, and to meet this seasonal requirement cases of three, six, or a dozen bottles will be supplied on receipt of a cheque, through the nearest distributing agent. The price per bottle is 13s. All inquiries should be addressed to Messrs. Baird-Taylor Brothers, 68, Bath Street, Glasgow.

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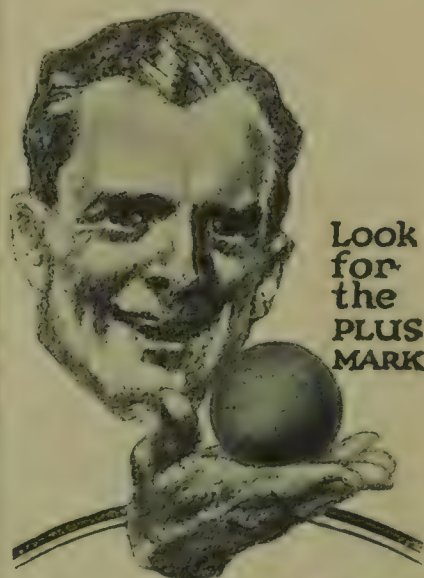
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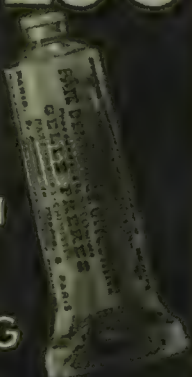
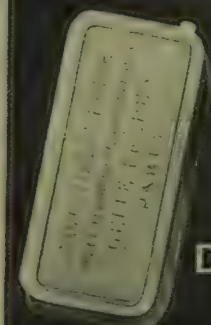
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"THE PROBLEM OF THE OBELISKS."

(See "Our Note-Book.")

SO much as a matter of course did the ancient Egyptians take the setting-up of their obelisks—equivalent of the Holy of Holies of later temples, or mere additional decorations for pylons—that, as far as is known, they never troubled to chronicle their methods. Yet, the craft used must have been noteworthy, especially as it is, to say the least of it, unlikely that there is anything in the theory that the architects and master-builders of Pharaonic times employed engines or forces of Nature of which we ourselves are ignorant.

Pillars weighing over 550 tons apiece—and, if record can be trusted, of over 800 tons—were duly erected after they had been hauled from the quarries from whose granite they had been burned, chiselled, wedged, hammered, and pounded out with dolerite balls; and the derelict Aswan obelisk, illustrated in our issue of Jan. 13 last, has a calculated weight of 1168 tons! All of which is very remarkable when it is recalled that every modern lowering and re-erection of a "souvenir" obelisk—not one of which has exceeded 331 tons—has taxed the strength of the tackle to the utmost and has been a nine-days' wonder.

The secret lay, perhaps, in tree-trunk levers, plus unlimited man-power, cheap and forced; and in sloping embankments. The way of the removal may have been by gradually raising the obelisk from its bed, and rolling it down to the valley, with head-ropes and foot-ropes steadying it, on to a sled, with or without rollers, sunk in the sand. The sand would then be dug away from the sled, leaving it free to be hauled along to barge or site.

The erection may have been by a distinctly ingenious scheme described by Mr. Engelbach as being mechanically possible and meeting all the observed facts. The theory is that the obelisk was not let down over the edge of a sloping embankment up which it had been drawn, but down a funnel-shaped

pit in the end of such an embankment, "the lowering being done by removing sand, with which the pit had been filled, from galleries leading into the bottom of it, and so allowing the obelisk to settle slowly down. Taking this as the basis of the method, the form of the pit resolves itself into a tapering square-sectioned funnel . . . fairly wide at the top, but very little larger than the base of the obelisk at the bottom. The obelisk is introduced into the funnel on a curved way leading gradually from the surface of the embankment until it engages smoothly with the hither wall of the funnel. The sand is removed by men with baskets through galleries leading from the bottom of the funnel to convenient places outside the embankment. . . . Men would go down with the obelisk, and, by digging, correct any tendency of the obelisk to lean sideways and to ensure—if necessary, by inserting baulks (struts) between the base of the obelisk and the opposite wall of the funnel—that it did not jam against it." A model shown on "Our Note-Book" page illustrates the process. Two modern lowerings and re-erections are also seen there. In the case of the Paris obelisk, which weighs 227 tons, the job was done with the aid of compound sheers, the power being supplied by systems of pulleys worked by capstans.

The New York obelisk—a "sister" of our own "Cleopatra's Needle"—was provided with a pair of steel trunnions, akin to those fitted to toy cannon to enable them to pivot around their centres. Steel towers were erected to hold the trunnions, and then the obelisk was pulled off its pedestal and left supported by and sliding through the trunnions. It was then braced and—not without a slip—allowed to come slowly round until its point rested on a crib of wooden baulks. Another crib was then built up under the butt. This done, towers and trunnions were removed, with the "jacking" supplied by oil-rams within the cribs. The rams also operated to lift tip and butt in turn while the cribs were demolished by the gradual removal of baulks, and the obelisk was brought nearer and nearer to the ground. The reverse process ended in a successful re-erection. This, also, is illustrated on "Our Note-Book" page.

For the rest, it should be noted that Mr. Engelbach deals in the clearest, fullest, most informing fashion with the whole intriguing "Problem of the Obelisks." His volume is certain of popularity, and should be in the hands of every visitor to Egypt who is more than a Baedekerite.

DIARIES, CALENDARS, AND CARDS.

IN the making of diaries no firm is more famous than Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., who have been in the business for over a hundred years. Those for 1924 are in all varieties of size and shape, from the large office desk book to the dainty pocket diary for private engagements. The Esifil Diary is one that deserves special mention. There are also many special pocket diaries for business men, motorists, model engineers, country people, gardeners, poultry-keepers, schoolboys, schoolgirls, Girl Guides, and children.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., publish, as usual, an immense variety of cards, calendars, children's picture books and painting books, and coloured postcards. In their booklet catalogue for 1924, "The World's Art Service," they announce: "We are once again privileged to reproduce, for the benefit of the public, the Royal Christmas cards we have had the honour of supplying to their Majesties the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. the Princess Mary."

Among the most attractive of the Christmas cards and calendars on the market this season are those produced by the well-known firm of C. W. Faulkner and Co., Ltd. They include some beautiful landscapes in colour on large boards, and tear-off calendars with charming views of old French towns. There is a great variety of tasteful cards, as well as coloured postcards and blotters, with picture-books and painting-books for children.

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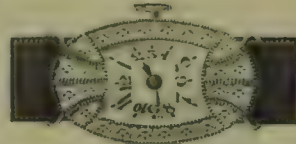


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

What is "Service"? I am seriously beginning to wonder whether the British manufacturer in the mass has any idea of what is meant by the rather comprehensive word "service" as applied to his productions. I know

immediately telephoned the works and asked for a new part to be sent. The reply was that they could not send it without first forwarding a *pro forma* invoice and receiving the money. He asked what it would cost, saying he would remit the money forthwith; but the lame explanation was given that there was no one in the works at the moment who could tell him. His request that the part should be forwarded at once was flatly refused. After a delay of three days a *pro forma* invoice was sent for the paltry amount of 4s. 9d., which amount was immediately remitted by wire. At the moment of writing he is still awaiting the part, his car having been off the road for nearly a week. The facts of the case speak for themselves. How can the British manufacturer expect us to buy his cars, run them, maintain them, and recommend them, when this kind of "service" is all we can expect in an emergency?

Long Life and Durability.

Messrs. Dodge Brothers have sent me some details relating to cars of their make which are more than a little interesting as showing the amount of work of

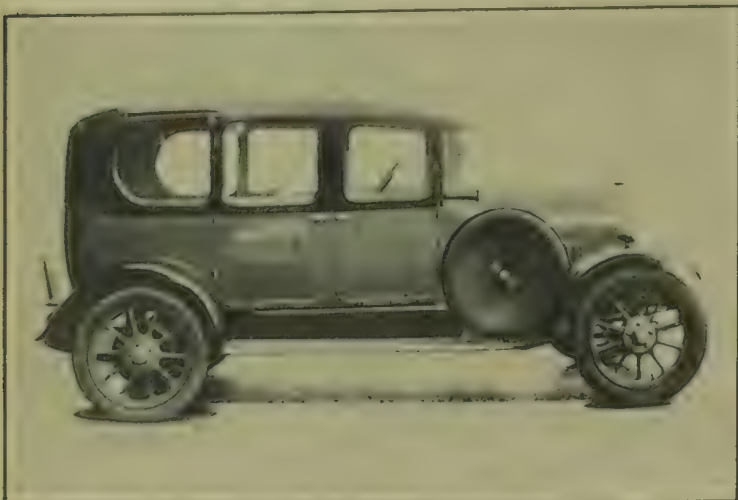
which the modern motor-car is capable. The first example relates to the first Dodge Brothers car delivered to the American Pacific coast, arriving there in December 1914. This car is still in use, and has run approximately 175,000 miles. Another car—at Walnut Cove, N.C., has been in use even longer, and its owner states that the motor still has in it the original pistons and bearings, although it has been in use every day of its life. Another Dodge Brothers' car has covered over 229,000 miles without trouble. Yet another case is one in which a car was purchased for the purpose of touring

Canada, Mexico, and the Western States, after it had travelled 203,000 miles. Since then 11,121 miles have been added to the original record, and the car is now leaving to make a tour of the Eastern States. As they would say in America, "Some records!"

Reliability in the Air.

As an indication of the safety of flying when reliable and well-tried engines are used, it is of considerable interest to readers, particularly those who are accustomed to travel on the London-Paris Air Route, to learn that during the period from Oct. 1, 1922—the date on which the various air lines commenced to function under the Government Subsidy scheme—till July 31 last, Rolls-Royce engines, which are the only engines used on this service, have achieved the following remarkable records of reliability and endurance—

Total number of engine trips made	-	-	1,212
Total number of engine hours flown	-	-	3,380
Total engine mileage	-	-	278,000



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that in a few outstanding cases the service rendered to British car-owners leaves nothing to be desired. Rolls-Royce, Napier, Lanchester, Rover, Morris, among others, have a service organisation which is certainly not surpassed, if it is even equalled, by anything of the kind rendered in America by American manufacturers. But when we have done with the few, I doubt very much whether there is any real understanding of what "service" ought to mean. Let me give a case in point. A friend of mine who owns a British car of a very well-known make had the misfortune the other day of breaking the steering drop arm. He has owned this car for between two and three years, and has done business with the firm regularly and consistently during the whole of that period. The accident occurred at five o'clock one evening. He



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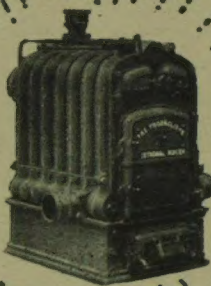
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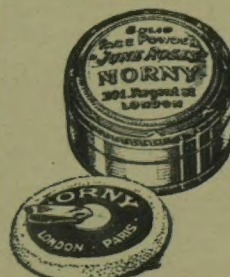
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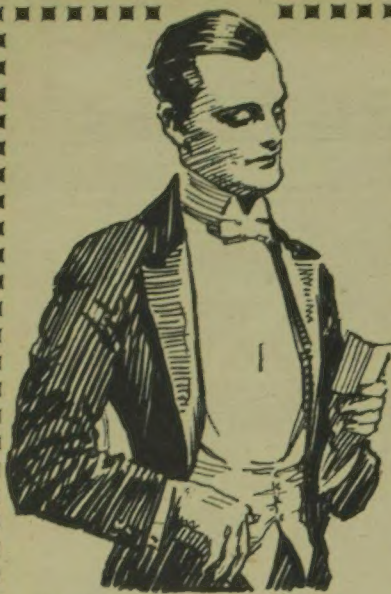


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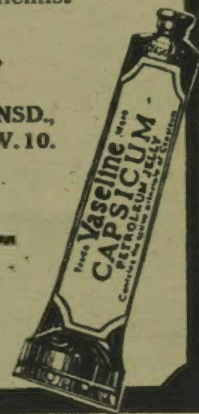
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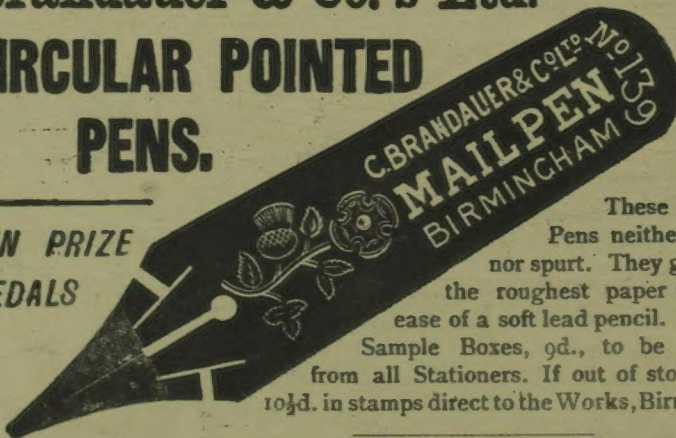
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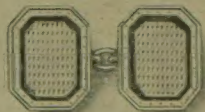
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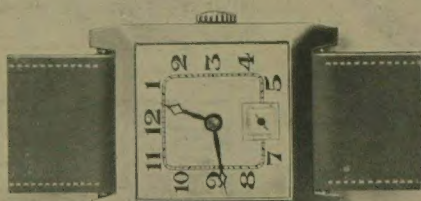


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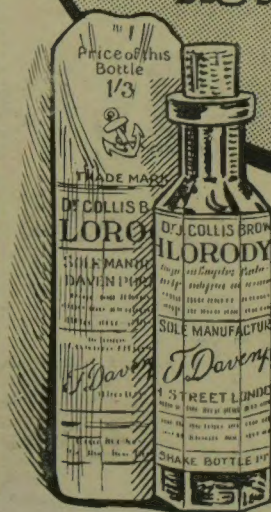
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